July 5, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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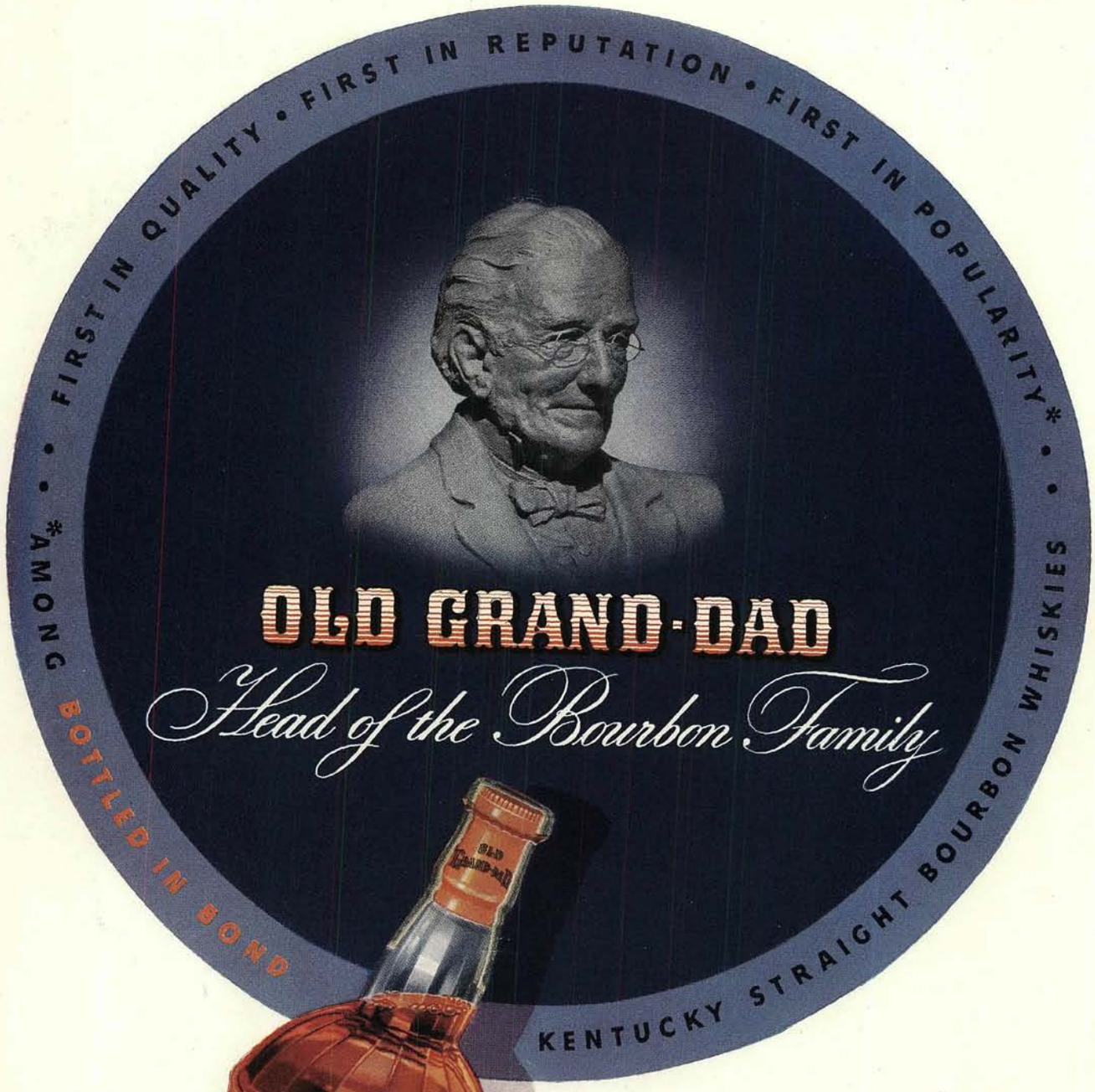
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, as noted below, there has been some irregular scheduling of matinées with an eye to the Fourth of July trade. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, *is about the funniest thing in town.* (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

The Beautiful People—Admirers of William Saroyan will probably love the Webster family, who suffer about equally from mice and whimsy; others had better stay home. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except July 3, and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except July 3, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. *Agreeable enough in its childish way.* The cast includes Glenda Farrell (through Sat., July 5), Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is superb. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, carrying on for Mr. O. and Mr. J. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat., special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some good songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild presenting "The Mikado," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 3 and 5; "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., July 10 and 12; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 12. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

Branford—"Broadway, 1941," Philip Dunning's and George Abbott's new version of "Broadway": through Sat., July 5. "Gaslight": Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Bridgehampton—"The Male Animal": through Sat., July 5. "Out of the Frying Pan": Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

Cambridge—Elissa Landi in "The Lady Has a Heart": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

Cape May—Michael Whalen in "Pygmalion": through Sat., July 5. "The Prince of Liars": Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Anna Sten in "Smart Women": through Sun., July 6. Estelle Winwood and Florence Reed in "Ladies in Retirement": Tues. through Sun., July 8-13. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Chatham—"Goodbye Again": through Sat., July 5. "The Little Foxes": Wed. through Sat., July 9-12. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Cohasset—Violet Heming and Diana Barrymore in "Old Acquaintance": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Jimx Falkenburg and Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 5. C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Gloucester—Francesca Braggiotti and Ramon Novarro in "Tovarich": through Sat., July 5. "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Guilford—Fay Wray in "There's Always Juliet": through Sat., July 5. Anna Sten in "Smart Women": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Ivoryton—Florence MacMichael and Leon Janney in "Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., July 5. Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (*Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn.* 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Fri.)

Locust Valley—"Out of the Frying Pan": through Sun., July 6. "The Play's the Thing": Tues. through Sun., July 8-13. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. At 9. Special Mat. Fri., July 4, at 3.)

Maplewood—Peggy Conklin in "Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., July 5. Paul and Grace Hartman in "Two for the Show": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife": through Sat., July 5. "Mr. and Mrs. North": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Marion—Taylor Holmes in "Always Romance": through Sat., July 5. Rachel Adams in "Skylark": Wed. through Sat., July 9-12. (Harbor Playhouse, Marion, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—Joyce Arling and James Bell in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Playhouse, East Chop, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Luella Gear in "George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 5. Elsa Maxwell in "Our Betters": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Millburn—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., July 5. Alison Skipworth and Bert Lytell in "Seraphina": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (*Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:30.* Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mt. Kisco—"George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., July 5. "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

New Hope—Pauline Lord in "The Great Adventure": through Sat., July 5. Katherine Locke and Walter Slezak in "The Good Fairy": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Ogunquit—Betty Furness in "Something Gay": through Sat., July 5. Dorothy Sands in "By Your Leave": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Pawling—Nancy Carroll in "Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sun., July 6. Margaret Anglin in "Fresh Fields": Tues. through Sun., July 8-13. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30. Mats. at 3, Thurs. and Sat.)

Roslyn—"The Time of Your Life": through Sat., July 5. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. At 9.)

Rye Beach—"Lady of Letters": Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Sayville—"Hay Fever": through Sat., July 5. "The Philadelphia Story": Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Grant Mills and Flora Campbell in "The Night Before Christmas": through Sat., July 5. "Lady in Waiting": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Stockbridge—Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": through Sat., July 5. "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Stony Creek—"Yes, My Darling Daughter": through Sat., July 5. "The White Steed": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Stony Creek Players, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Suffern—José Ferrer and Uta Hagen in "The Male Animal": through Sat., July 5. Gloria Stuart in "Mr. and Mrs. North": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

Westboro—Beverly Roberts and John Craven in "The Philadelphia Story": through Sat., July 5. Fifi D'Orsay in "Little Miss Bluebeard": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Westport—Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": through Sat., July 5. "La Belle Hélène,"

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	49
THE CURRENT CINEMA	43
LETTER FROM LONDON	29
THE OARSMEN	46
OF ALL THINGS	45
THE RACE TRACK	40
A REPORTER AT LARGE	31
TEE AND GREEN	41

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LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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a swing musical, with a Negro cast: Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.; special Mat. Sat., July 5.)

White Plains—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Two for the Show": through Sat., July 5. Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., July 7-12. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Woodstock—"Final Answer," a new play by Llewellyn Miller: Thurs. through Sun., July 3-6. Sally Rand in "Rain": Thurs. through Sun., July 10-13. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Now starting its second year. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry has installed John Kirby's orchestra in this new summer place of his, which is only a step from his winter quarters.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The warm-weather show in this skyscraping aerie includes table-tennis exhibitions by Ruth Aarons and Sandor Glanz. Barry Winton's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band provide the music on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Peggy Fears is singing in the gay Café Lounge. The music is by Howard Lally's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat contributes soothing music.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs, Betty Bryant sings as many nostalgic numbers, and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen supply plenty of swing. . . . **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with such expert Negro entertainers as Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **biltmore roof**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Johnny Messner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **bossert marine roof**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor goes a long way toward making up for it; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **zombie**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): this was called the Beachcomber until a few days ago; otherwise, everything's the same as before, South Sea trappings and all. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Hot Lips Page's band and sawdust on the floor. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio perform six nights a week; on Tues., a juke box takes over.

Al-Fresco—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **tavern-on-the-green**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **claremont inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600). . . . The **promenade café**, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center, is now open; no dancing.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **polish restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **riviera**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show. . . . **westchester bath club**, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **glen island casino**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **boardwalk café**, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will replace the Mac Farland Twins' on Fri., July 4; a fill-in band Mon. . . . **chanticler**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **meadowbrook**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sonny Dunham's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **canoe place inn**, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **new prospect hotel**, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **seven ponds inn**, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Cyril Mansfield's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **monmouth hotel**, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **perona farm**, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **ross fenton farm**, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **sea bright yacht club**, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Charlie Murray's orchestra.

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Dinner in the Country—Some agreeable objectives, usually without dancing, for summer motorists—**bethpage, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **hampton bays, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **lake success, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **oakdale, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **smithtown, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **south huntington, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **syosset, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **westhampton, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **amawalk, N.Y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **cold spring, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **dover plains, N.Y.**: Old Drover's Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **hawthorne, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **mt. kisco, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **new city, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **poundridge, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **bridgewater, conn.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **danbury, conn.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **norwalk, conn.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **redding ridge, conn.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **ridgefield, conn.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves. . . . **southport, conn.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **westport, conn.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **alpine, n.j.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **bernardsville, n.j.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **doylestown, pa.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

European—At the **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64: paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **nierendorf**, 18 E. 57: paintings, principally by French and German artists, in a general survey of the modern schools. Weekdays, except Fri. and Sat., July 4-5, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., July 8.

French—Several nice Vlamincks in an exhibition that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Mon. through Fri. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 19.

Groups—At the **milch**, 108 W. 57: Maurice Sterne and Saul Berman show interesting pieces in a collection of oils by contemporary painters. From 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., July 3. . . . **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a number of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **contemporary arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by several artists, including Harold Baumbach and John C. Pellew. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 11. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: nice oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils by Ann Kocsis and Frank London stand out in a show of works by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Courbet, Sloan, Pissarro, and other French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 18. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson, Dantan Sawyer, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A large exhibit of etchings, dry points, and lithographs by Whistler, from the Museum's permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War." an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Sept. 17); also, sixty paintings and water colors in a memorial exhibition of works by Paul Klee (through July 27). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Fri., July 4, and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Sculpture—Garden pieces by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Stuart—An exhibition of eight portraits, mostly of American subjects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Here and There—At the **weyhe**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings by Mrs. Busch Meier-Graefe. From 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., July 3. . . . **kleemann**, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **rehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: annual summer show of oils and water colors by American artists. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Goossens conducting, nightly through Wed., July 9; Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Sat., July 10-12. Highlights: Corigliano, July 3; Hofmann, July 7; Gershwin program, with Levant, July 10; Corigliano, Lev, and Kurthy, July 12. (At 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. (except July 4) Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

Opera—The Triboro Stadium company presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., July 6, at 8:30. (Triboro Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-1000.)

Out of Town—Gordon String Quartet: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4; also Wed. Aft., July 9, at 3:30. . . . Maverick Chamber Music Society: Concert Hall, Woodstock, N.Y., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . South Mountain String Quartet: Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., July 5, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., July 6, at 3. . . . **polo grounds**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Eve., July 10, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., July 12, at 2:30. . . . **ebbets field**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Dodgers vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun. Afts., July 5-6, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., July 10-11, at 3, and Sat. Aft., July 12, at 2:30.

Dog Shows—Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton, Sat., July 5, at 10 A.M. . . . East Hampton

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kennel Club, East Hampton, Sun., July 6, at 10 A.M.

Flying—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., daily through Sun., July 13.

Golf—Sweetser Victory Tournament. Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough, Fri. and Sat., July 11-12, at 10 A.M. . . . Long Island Amateur, Inwood C.C., Inwood, Fri. through Sun., July 11-13, at 8:30 A.M.

Horse Show—*Huntington Crescent, Huntington,* L.I., Sat. and Sun., July 5-6, at 9:30 A.M.

Polo—Meadow Brook Club Tournaments: Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30; and Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30. . . . All-star benefit match for the United Service Organizations, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Fri. Aft., July 4, at 3:30.

Racing—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through July 26. (Demoiselle Stakes, July 4; Butler Handicap, July 5; Empire City Handicap, July 12.) Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:06 and 1:30 P.M.

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, daily through Sun., July 6, at 2 P.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Nassau C.C., Glen Cove, Thurs., July 3, at 2 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., July 4-6, at 10 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J., Tues. through Sun., July 8-13, at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. . . . New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, starting Sat., July 12, at 12 noon.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; Eves., except Sun., at 8:40, weather permitting; through Sat., July 12. Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. . . . Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs; Eves, except Sun., at 8; through July 26.

Yachting—N.Y.Y.C. Annual Regatta, off Glen Cove, Thurs., July 3. . . . N.Y.A.C. Block Island Race, Fri., July 11. . . . Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Larchmont Y.C., Fri., July 4; New Rochelle Y.C., Sat., July 5; Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., July 12.

OTHER EVENTS

The President—Mr. Roosevelt will address the nation over the major stations on Fri., July 4, at 5 P.M.

War Exhibit—An exhibition of an air-raid shelter, anti-aircraft guns, parts of British planes, and similar combat equipment from abroad may be seen at the Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Planetarium—"The Sun" is the title of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Television—Programs in this medium have started up again, and owners of most sets should be able to get WNBT's broadcasts of tennis matches at Jackson Heights, Thurs. through Sat., July 3-5, at 2:30 P.M.

Note—The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, containing the private papers, documents, works of art, ship models, photographs, maps, and other material which President Roosevelt has presented to the nation, is now open to the public at Hyde Park.

MOTION PICTURES

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Flame of New Orleans—Dainty comedy, with a sly French side to it, directed by Réne Clair and presenting Marlene Dietrich as a tricky sketch with a sense of humor. With Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 4. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon. through Wed., July 7-9.)

Kitty Foyle—Ginger Rogers contributing a superior performance and much color to a story of the poor but beautiful working girl which is otherwise a bit routine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 3.)

KuKan—The bombing of Chungking and life along the Burma Road as Rey Scott found them in his travels. Excellent. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Man Hunt—Strenuous doings of spies and sportsmen in Germany and London just before the outbreak of war. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon are particularly active. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 3.)

Out of the Fog—The littoral of Sheepshead Bay and what goes on there when the racketeers are busy. From Irwin Shaw's "The Gentle People" and with Ida Lupino and John Garfield. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., July 3.)

Pot o' Gold—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart in a modest comedy which can lull you along, anyhow. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., July 7. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., July 4-6.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 12. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Sergeant York—*Of the Tennessee mountain boy who* won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra showings Sat. at midnight, and Fri., July 4, and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

That Hamilton Woman!—A big costume piece based vaguely on the legend of Emma and Lord Nelson. With Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., July 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., July 5. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., July 7.)

They Met in Bombay—Somewhat minor dramatics about smart jewel thieves in the Far East and their tricks. Arranged especially for the admirers of Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Underground—Savage sketch of German life now, with the Gestapo at its worst. Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

The Wagons Roll at Night—Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney in a violent film of doings in a wandering circus. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., July 4-6. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., July 8-9.)

A Woman's Face—A curious, morbid experiment, and something new for Joan Crawford, who lets her face be seen distorted and wounded. Unusual and exciting. With Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., July 7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 8-12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., July 9-11.)

Ziegfeld Girl—Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart in an extravaganza of the days of the great Flo. It has its interest. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 5. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 5-7. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 6-8. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., July 9.)

REVIVALS

Arise, My Love (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and war. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., July 8-10.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., July 8-10.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Very French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., July 6.)

Chaplin Comedies (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Thurs., July 10.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. With Robert Montgomery. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., July 10-12.)

Girls' Dormitory (1936)—Schoolgirl romance. Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, and Herbert Marshall. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 10-11.)

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell—all lancers. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., July 4-5.)

Mayerling (1937)—An Archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., July 6.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., July 3.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 6-8. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 10-11.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., July 9-11.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 6-8.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following early American, British, and European films, daily at 4 P.M.; also at 2 P.M. on Sun.—**thurs., july 3:** "The Conjurer" (1899), "A Trip to the Moon" (1902), "The Palace of the Arabian Nights" (1905), "The Doctor's Secret" (1908), and "The Conquest of the Pole" (1912). **fri. and sat., july 4-5:** ten French films (1905-10). **sun. and mon., july 6-7:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" (1907) and "At the Crossroads of Life" (1908), both with D. W. Griffith; "The Lonely Villa" (1909) and "1776, or The Hessian Renegades" (1909), both with Mary Pickford; "Resurrection" (1909); and "A Corner in Wheat" (1909), with Henry B. Walthall. **tues. and wed., july 8-9:** "The Lonedale Operator" (1911), with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (1912), with Lillian Gish and Harry Carey; and "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish. . . . A series of reticent and brief sketches of current life in England is presented every Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

Art—A big American show, in which most of the major galleries in the city will be represented by works of their best artists, will open in the Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57, on July 22.

Boxing—Buddy Baer vs. Abe Simon, *Polo Grounds,* Aug. 14.

Dog Shows—Lackawanna Kennel Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa., Aug. 2. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 23. . . . Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 30.

Golf—Long Island Open, Lido C.C., Lido Beach, July 22-24. . . . New York State Amateur, Troy C.C., Troy, July 23-26. . . . Metropolitan Junior, Bonnie Briar C.C., Larchmont, Aug. 10-22. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Amateur, Deepdale G.C., Great Neck, Aug. 14. . . . Westchester Amateur-Pro Championship, Apawamis Club, Rye, Aug. 25. . . . National Amateur, Omaha, Aug. 25-30. . . . Westchester Open, Apawamis Club, Rye, Aug. 26-27. . . . Long Island Father-Son and Junior Championships, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Aug. 27-30.

Horse Shows—Monmouth County, Rumson, July 17-19. . . . Lakeville, Conn., July 26-27. . . . Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, Aug. 1-3. . . . Litchfield, Conn., Aug. 9. . . . Lake Placid, Aug. 16-17. . . . Cohasset, Mass., Aug. 21-23. . . . Riding Club, East Hampton, Aug. 23. . . . Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, Aug. 26-27. . . . Smithtown, L.I., Aug. 30.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, through Aug. 13. . . . Goldman Band, Central Pk., through Aug. 17. . . . Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Stockbridge, Mass., July 31 through Aug. 17. . . . Dance Festival, Bennington, Vt., Aug. 9-17.

Polo—National Twenty-Goal Championships, Bostwick Field and the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, starting July 26 (tentative).

Racing—Saratoga Springs, July 28-Aug. 30. . . . Rockingham Park, Salem, N.H., July 21-Aug. 9. . . . Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., through July 26 (Gold Cup Stakes, July 19).

Skeet—National Championships, Indianapolis, Aug. 5-9.

Speedboats—National Sweepstakes Regatta, Red Bank, N.J., Aug. 16-17.

Tennis—Invitation Tournament, Sea Bright, N.J., July 21-27. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, July 28-Aug. 2. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, July 28-Aug. 2. . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, Aug. 2-10. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport, Aug. 11-16. . . . National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 18. . . . National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, Aug. 30.

Trotting—Grand Circuit, Goshen, N.Y.: Historic Track, July 28-Aug. 2; Good Time Park, Aug. 4-9 (the Hambletonian, Aug. 6). . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, Aug. 11-Sept. 13.

Yachting—Race Week, Larchmont Y.C., July 19-26. . . . Ocean race around Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown Y.C., starting July 27. . . . American Y.C. annual cruise, Aug. 3-7. . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoals Races, City Island Y.C., Aug. 16. . . . Race Week, New Bedford Y.C., Aug. 19-21. . . . Vineyard Race, Stamford Y.C., starting Aug. 29. . . . Bar Harbor Y.C. Regatta, Aug. 21-22. . . . Sears Cup, Eastern Y.C., Marblehead, Aug. 25-28. . . . Championship races on the Sound: Stamford Y.C., Aug. 2; Port Washington Y.C., Aug. 9: Huguenot Y.C., Aug. 16; Riverside Y.C., Aug. 23; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Aug. 30.

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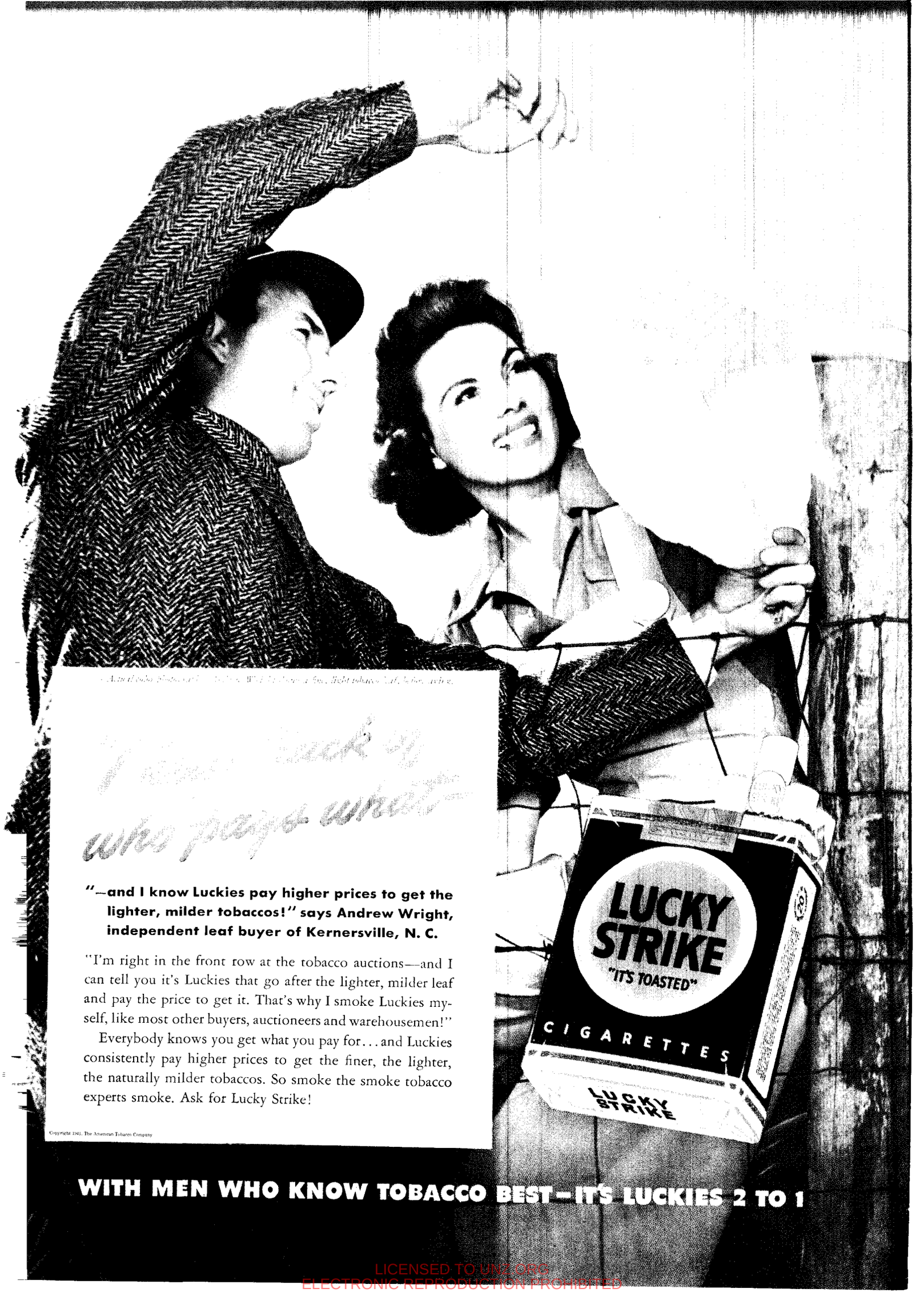

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Tie Score ON THE FIELD

...but "33 to 1" in the Stands...

ROBBER! HE'S SAFE--AND YOU KNOW IT!
HE'S OUT! EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN SEE THAT. ATTABOY, UMP! THE SCORE IS STILL TIED!
WHAT YOU FELLOWS NEED IS A LITTLE COOLING OFF. AND THE SCORE FOR THAT IS "33 TO 1"-COMING UP RIGHT NOW!
"33 TO 1"? WHAT KIND OF A SCORE IS THAT?
A WINNING SCORE, CHUMP! IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON -- 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER.

WHAT'S MORE, PABST BLENDS BEER LIKE THE FINEST COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE -- ITS DELICIOUS FLAVOR NEVER VARIES.
BOY, OH BOY! I'LL SAY IT'S A QUENCHER--THAT FLAVOR KNOCKS THIRST FOR A HOME RUN!
LOOK! FARWELL'S TRYING TO STEAL HOME -- SLIDE! SLIDE!
HURRAY! HE'S IN! FARWELL'S BROUGHT IN THE WINNING RUN! GUESS THAT MAKES YOU LOSER, JOE!
LOSER, NOTHING! THIS "33 TO 1" IS THE WINNING SCORE IN ANY MAN'S GAME . . . BOY, WHAT REFRESHMENT!
YES, SIR! NO MATTER WHAT THE SCORE IN THE GAME, EVERYBODY'S WINNING SCORE IN BEER IS "33 TO 1"! IT'S THE EXPERT BLENDING OF 33 FINE BREWS THAT GIVES PABST BLUE RIBBON ITS SMOOTHER, TASTIER, UNVARYING GOODNESS.

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer!

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

...IT'S SMOOTHER
...IT'S TASTIER
...IT NEVER VARIES

...with a Blue Ribbon on it

This flavor — this sparkle — this smoothness — it's something you're bound to enjoy. Why don't you treat *yourself* to a cool, foaming glass today — and *prove* that "33 to 1" is top score in beer... Pabst Blue Ribbon!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE sudden discovery that two things equalling the same thing aren't necessarily equal to each other has obviously caused widespread pain and embarrassment in the last couple of weeks, and we would like to offer our condolences to some of the principal

sufferers. To the members of the Rapp-Coudert Committee, then, and Representative Martin Dies, our respectful sympathy. How is that faculty purge getting along up at C.C.N.Y., gentlemen? Been reading any good forged passports lately, Mr. Dies? To Foreign Minister Matsuoka and the Japanese people, *banzai*. Little men, we ask politely, little yellow men, what now? To labor leaders responsible for fomenting strikes in defence industries, our clenched, symbolic fist. How about another little strike, boys? The old grievances are still there, or are they? To the editors of the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses*, and other organs of volatile opinion, our fraternal greetings. Can you still tell your heads from your bottoms, fellows? Which end are you on now? Which one will it be tomorrow? To all military experts, dilettante or official, employed by the daily press, advance to be recognized. You muffed this one almost as badly as the Maginot Line, didn't you? But never mind that now. Just tell us how it's going to come out. On second thought, never mind that, either. To all the assorted playwrights, actors, poets, and novelists who have opposed our participation in a strictly imperialistic war, *salud*. What price peace now, Comrades? A quarter? A dime? A nickel? What, no bid at *all*? Not even a plugged ruble? Finally to Joseph Stalin, somewhere on the Eastern Front, hi, Joe. Like to buy a nice non-aggression pact, cheap? All *right*, but you don't have to get sore about it, kid.

NO real song has yet come out of this war, and we doubt if any will. All the great songs of other wars—"Yankee-Doodle," "Dixie," "Tipperary"—have been set to the rhythm of marching feet. Men haven't marched much in this war and the sound of their feet has been faint and irregular—feet suiting their tempo to the stop and start of advancing machines, feet stepping alone and cautious in dark, unknown places, feet running desperately. No song could fit this broken pattern. No song either, we think, can be written to fit the real marching rhythm of this war—the roar and clatter of the tanks, the scream of diving planes, the unpredictable bursting of the bombs. There is a terrible, perhaps even a majestic, music here, but there is nothing to be sung.

THE problem of entertaining the military population has always seemed to us difficult but interesting. The general assumption apparently is that fighting men seek out the sporting ladies of the neighborhood and crude alcohol compounds only when they are denied nice girls with whom they may dance and unlimited soft drinks at the canteens. Patriotic efforts are constantly being made to deal with this condition, and scarcely a newspaper or magazine we pick up is without a picture or two of the boys prancing virtuously around with the young ladies of the Dallas Junior League, who have graciously volunteered to combat vice, even at the expense of getting their feet stepped on. The expressions worn by the young men in these photographs are mixed. About half actually do appear to be enjoying this disinfected entertainment; the others have a certain goatish but frustrated look about them. It is almost possible to believe that they don't appreciate the sacrifices being made in their behalf, or at any rate consider them inadequate. We have no idea what steps should be taken to combat this ungrateful discontent. It is probably unwise to permit the wrong sort of young ladies to set up housekeeping in the immediate vicinity of Army camps and it is certainly unthinkable to ask a nice girl to submit to anything more drastic than a waltz, even patriotism having its limits and nothing having been said about *amari* being *dulce et decorum*, either. We are obliged to leave the whole problem exactly where we found it, only noting that we are

never going to get used to the idea of Captain Flagg amusing himself with a subdeb and a bottle of pop.

QUITE apart from the grisly murder that occasioned them, we think the precautions Mrs. Roosevelt suggested for young women are excellent. Go home early or with a reliable escort, she said; if obliged to travel unescorted at night, walk rapidly; accept no favors from strangers or casual acquaintances; never go out with men until assured of their good character; and drink only with well-known friends. We don't know how far these stern moral precepts will go to prevent crime, but we do know that they are a perfect, if somewhat musty, standard for genteel female behavior. Whether she can be conked in a dark alley or not, any girl who does all her walking rapidly, with reliable escorts of good character from whom she has never taken even a long-stemmed rose, is bound to have a pretty good name locally. Mrs. Roosevelt's principles are so good, in fact, that we

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can think of only one addition to make to them, a warning taken from the advice Admiral Husband E. Kimmel recently gave to Honolulu naval families in another connection. "Anonymous telephone calls may have several motives," he said, "but primarily they are to obtain information on ship movements."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The job of restoring the slave quarters at Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, has been awarded the firm of R. E. Lee & Sons.

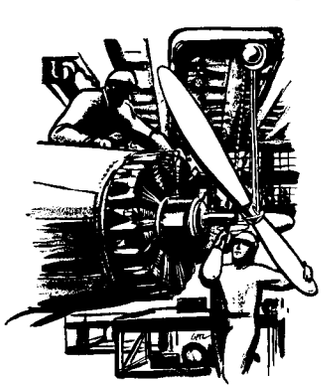
At Chester's, a restaurant in Brooklyn, you can, for a thin dime, smack your lips over either a G-Man Soda, a Little Miss Muffet, a Junior Skyscraper, or a Bogeyman's Junior Frappé.

The premises at 142 West Fourteenth Street, vacated recently by the Downtown Shoe Outlet Corporation, have been occupied by the Midtown Millinery Outlet.

The Classy Form Brassière Co., Inc., 36 East Thirty-first Street, is the sole manufacturer of Sassy Lassy girdles.

Spiceless

WE'VE had a long, rather definitive talk with a big spice man, and gather that the situation is comparable to that in Europe in 1492, when Columbus decided to try for a short cut to the Indies. For example, the whole country will experience a mild shock next Thanksgiving when all the women face the price of the sage necessary for the traditional turkey. Sage has already gone from seven cents a pound to $1.35, an increase of two thousand per cent. The goatherds of Yugoslavia used to gather it in their spare time, but that's over, of course. In an effort to ease matters, growers here have offered a domestic sage from California, but it's so insipid most spice dealers aren't going to bother with it. The sagebrush which covers so many square miles of our arid West is no help whatever in the emergency. Saffron, a vital ingredient of French bread and rolls, bouillabaisse, and the Spanish dish called *arroz con pollo*, is fast disappearing locally. Saffron is derived from the *Crocus sativus*, a flower that grows in the southern European region. Fourteen thousand flowers yield about an ounce of saffron; it could probably be grown in this country, but the thought of paying American labor to pick fourteen thousand flowers for an ounce of saffron is enough to throw anybody who has the idea of starting a saffron plantation.



Maybe you've noticed that poppyseed rolls have visibly fewer poppy seeds these days and that caraway seeds have practically vanished from rye bread. Both came from Holland, and there's no way of getting imports even if there was a crop this year. Marjoram, the only thing that would induce Lucius Beebe to eat a lamb stew, is an import from southern France. After the wholesalers' present supply is exhausted, there won't be any more. The situation in Greece and neighboring countries has cut off the supply of bay leaves, indispensable to dill pickles and pickled herring. Cardamom seeds, which give Danish pastry its subtle affinity with coffee, come from India and Ceylon, and have of late been crowded out by more urgently needed cargoes.

Like every other nation in the world, we use more black pepper than all the other kinds of spice together. Pepper, both black and white, is ground from the berries of the vine *Piper nigrum*, which is grown only within a radius of five hundred miles around Singapore; American wholesalers have enough to last for the next couple of years, but the price has already gone up from three to seven cents a pound. Cinnamon, which is produced in China and Ceylon, is in about the same position as pepper. Cayenne pepper is coming through O.K. from the west coast of Africa, and the island of Zanzibar, off the east coast of Africa, continues to supply cloves. Thyme, after pepper and sage the most popular spice in this country, evidently cannot be successfully grown anywhere but in France, so you might as well be prepared for some pretty tame clam chowder and meat loaf in the near future.

The outlook for paprika is more encouraging. The mild variety grows in Spain, which is still neutral, or at least non-belligerent. The sharp variety used to be a monopoly of Hungary and Yugoslavia, and there was a law against taking the plant out of those countries. However, a Yugoslav named Deneš smuggled enough plants into the United States a couple of years ago to start a plantation in Louisiana and this year he expects to harvest upward of ten thousand pounds, which is a cheering start. There's some thought in the spice world of experimental planting in tropical America and the West Indies. They already furnish us our allspice, which is made from pimento berries, and some of our supply of nutmeg and mace, which is simply the ground-up hull of the nutmeg fruit.

A six months' supply of sage, thyme, and bay leaves, the last bit that could be squeezed out of the South European market, was lost in April when the freighter carrying it was sunk by a German dive-bomber just outside the harbor of Piraeus.

Olsen and Johnson Dept.

A LOCAL rubber-goods manufacturer has been doing quite a volume of war business lately, making, among other things, boats and pontoons for the Army, and a couple of weeks ago had what he considered a brilliant idea of his own for a collapsible pontoon. To mention one of its virtues, it could be folded up very small and would expand to a length of twelve feet. The manufacturer had a sample pontoon made up hurriedly, sent it off to a major in Washington with whom he had been dealing in the matter of pontoons, and waited expectantly. When several days passed and he didn't hear from the Army officer, he got him on the telephone one morning. The major said that the item had, by coincidence, just arrived at his desk. What was it? He hadn't had time to read the explanation that came with it. "Well," said the manufacturer vibrantly, "it's a pontoon. Do you see that little valve?"

"Yes," said the major. "I've found the valve."

"Now, if you push that valve—" began the manufacturer. He got no further, for at this point he heard a startled shout from the major and after that a series of muffled cries and crashes, followed by a silence. The manufacturer was able to surmise what the trouble was. The major had pushed the valve, not waiting for him to finish his sentence. He had planned to say, "If you push that valve, it mixes two chemicals which create enough gas to blow up the pontoon in ten seconds." He learned later that the situation was about as he had pictured it: the major's office filled with pontoon, the major himself

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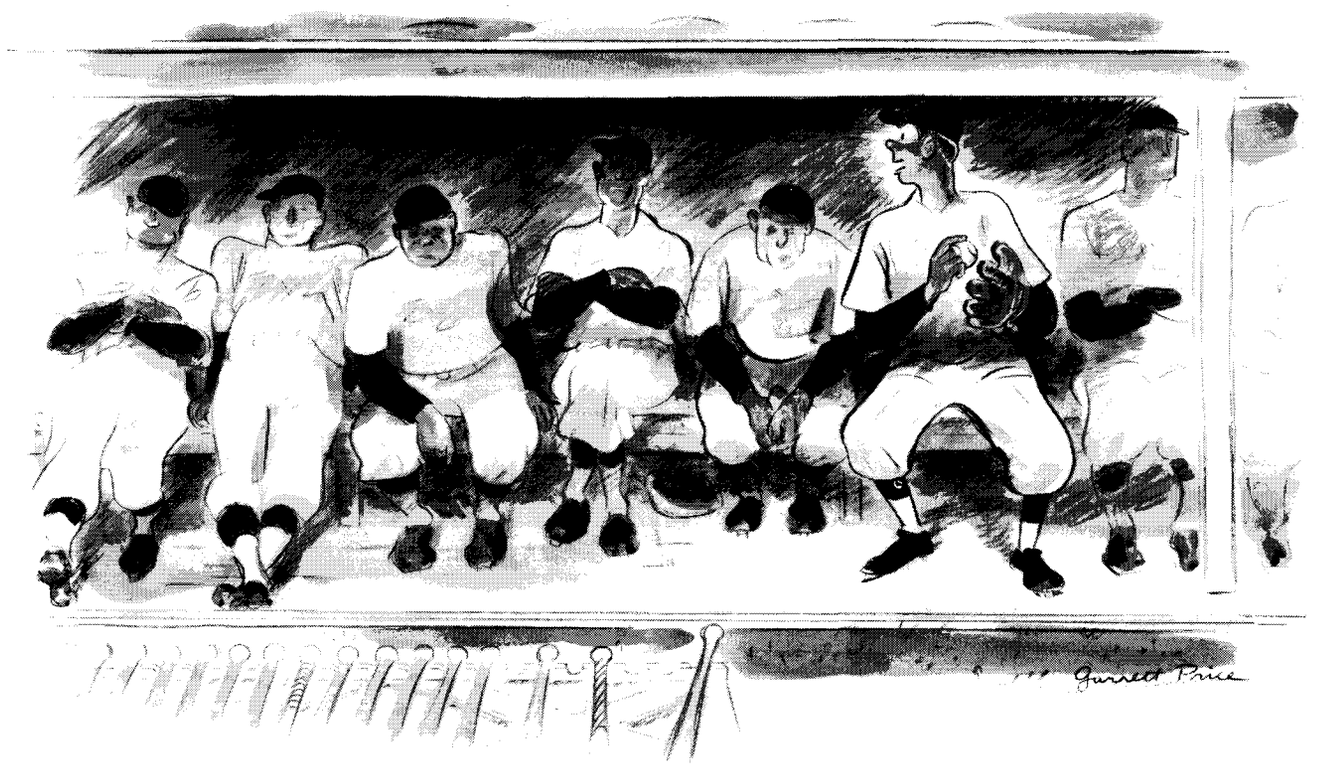

"Anybody want to play catch?"

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pinned gently, but firmly and helplessly, against the wall. It was all in the interest of national defence.

Tick

NEXT time you visit friends in the country for a weekend and stuff the clock in your bedroom into a bureau drawer so as to be able to get to sleep, you might give a thought to Mr. William K. Schmidt, a man who keeps a hundred and sixty-seven timepieces in his bedroom and sleeps like a child. "The idea that one can't sleep when a clock ticks! Bah!" said Mr. Schmidt when we called on him at his five-room apartment on Washington Heights the other afternoon. In addition to the hundred and sixty-seven in his bedroom (this figure being correct as of last week), Mr. Schmidt has some two hundred clocks and watches elsewhere in his apartment, including three in the bathroom. Moreover, he has a trunk containing nearly a hundred antique alarm clocks stored in the basement of an aunt's house around the corner, and sixty-odd timepieces in a house he owns at Hampton Bays, Long Island. He visits this house most weekends all year round, chiefly in order to wind up two cuckoo clocks which strike the quarter-hours. He regards this as a precaution against burglars, feeling that the cuckoo of a cuckoo in an unoccupied house would unnerve the average housebreaker.

Mr. Schmidt, a bachelor of forty-nine, told us he has been consciously interested in clocks for forty-seven years. "I asked for an eight-day Seth Thomas for a birthday present when I was two," he said, meeting our gaze squarely. "My parents took this sort of thing for granted, and when my younger brother was born they were amazed that he showed no interest in clocks." Mr. Schmidt guided us through his apartment, in which the ticking sounded to us like a thousand grizzly bears dancing on a marble floor. He pointed out, among a welter of timepieces, a 1640 wooden Swiss clock, a 1682 English lantern clock, a 250-year-old Dresden-china clock, an alabaster clock surrounded by four pillars, a French cabinet clock with iron works and hands in the shape of sunbursts, a clock containing a barometer and a calendar that provides for leap years, a cabinet of travelling clocks and watches, and a clock embellished with the statue of a young man kneeling before a shrine of the Madonna, which Mr. Schmidt said Napoleon had given to one of his aides after the Battle of Austerlitz. Mr. Schmidt buys many of his clocks at auctions and antique shops, and some have been given him by friends who are on to his tastes. He is more interested in the mechanisms of his timepieces than in their appearance and maintains a workshop, next to his kitchen, where he keeps them in repair. "I can take a Waltham watch apart and put it together in fifty minutes," he told us, intimating that this is fast going.

Mr. Schmidt, who has never been psychoanalyzed, has no use for clocks that do not run. Every Wednesday night after dinner he winds his clocks, getting through about half of them by midnight, when he looks at the wristwatch (Hamilton) he is wearing and goes to bed. Thursday he rests up, and Friday morning he finishes the job. He has been buying, repairing, and winding up timepieces all his adult life; on the side, he graduated from Stevens Institute in Hoboken, served in the Navy during the last war, and worked as an engineer for the Autocar Company, which manufactures trucks. He retired from this organization ten years ago, and has since devoted himself almost exclusively to his collection and to repairing the timepieces of friends, generally performing this service free of charge. "They sometimes pay me by asking me to a dinner party or by giving me a clock," he said.

We asked Mr. Schmidt whether he could explain the fascination clocks have for him, and he looked puzzled. Final-

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ly he stated that he liked to hear them tick, strike, and chime. "You ought to hear this place at twelve o'clock," he said. He remarked that his clocks tie him down, that if he didn't have so many he could move to a smaller apartment and thus afford to take an occasional trip to Florida. The only clocks he thoroughly dislikes are electric ones, which he considers deficient in personality; he feels obliged to keep one of these, to set his collection by, but he looks at it as little as possible. He habitually carries five or six watches, and has never missed a train. Mr. Schmidt does not care to commercialize his hobby and has refused an offer to talk about his collection on the Hobby Lobby hour. He cannot understand why so many persons have only three or four clocks in their homes. "When I see a living room with only one clock, I feel as though I were meeting someone without any clothes on," he said.

Mystery

AN English friend of ours recently got a rather peremptory summons asking him to call at Scotland Yard. The inspector who received him explained that it was about a cable sent to him from the United States. "This reference to 'E.S.U.,' " he said. "What does that mean?" Our friend said it stood for the English-Speaking Union, hardly restraining himself from adding "of course." "And just who," the inspector asked, "is the brains behind the E.S.U.?"

Underground

OUR latest competitor in local journalism is the unified subway system, which, as you may have noticed, is now offering on its car cards a number of blithesome tidbits, such as motion-picture reviews, photographs of a pretty girl designated as Miss Subway for the current month, various cartoons, a baseball calendar, a Ripley-like oddity feature called "Strange as It Seems," a department called "Our Town Oddities," etc. This is all the doing of the New York Subways Advertising Company. We had a talk last week with Sam Collier, five years out of college, vice-president of the company, and son of the late Barron Collier, the car-card magnate. He told us that his outfit suddenly realized (one morning while shaving) that car-card advertising was in a rut; it hadn't changed a whit since the nineties. They determined to do something about it, and sat down and asked themselves what popular journalistic feature could be adapted to their purpose. The present selection is the result, but it's not final, young Mr. Collier told us. "Subway cards are an untried field," he says. Miss Subway is chosen by John Powers, the model man, who rides the subway daily between his office and Penn Station. He approaches strange girls who have attracted his professional eye and asks them to be Miss Subway. He has never had an untoward experience in doing this chore, undoubtedly because of his expertness in handling the so-called fairer sex.

"Strange as It Seems" and "Grin and Bear It," a cartoon series, are both syndicated newspaper features and the Subways Advertising Company has the local rights to them, as would a newspaper. They are daily features for newspapers and a whole month's supply is scattered around various cars. Mr. Collier told us that humor is a tricky thing in the subways, and, after some reflection, we were inclined to agree with him. He said that if, after a trial period, the agency finds that the features are winning a larger reading public for car cards, the advertising rates will go up, boom! The cards draw letters from their readers, which Mr. Collier says is brand-new. Nobody ever heard of such a thing before the present new approach. We read one letter written this spring by a schoolboy who had been particularly attracted by "Grin and Bear It." He said that after seeing several of these cartoons, he had spent an afternoon riding all over the city looking for further ones. "They disintergrated my gloom," he reported. People write in for reprints of cartoons and to dispute facts presented in "Our Town Oddities," such as the statement that Manhattan Island has been 400,000 tons lighter since the construction of Rockefeller Center, the excavated material being that much heavier than the structures. The Subways Advertising people would be just as happy if *that* one hadn't come up. A rather prominent local magnate wrote in asking the simple question, "Well, wasn't the excavated material dumped somewhere else on Manhattan Island?" It turned out that sixty per cent of the earth and rock taken from Radio City had been dumped off Ambrose Light or on the World's Fair site, but the other forty per cent had gone into the old reservoir in Central Park, so the car card was wrong. The man at Rockefeller Center from whom the information had come originally made a bold back-to-the-wall stand, arguing that the material used to fill in the reservoir had merely replaced the water in the reservoir, but then somebody else told Subways Advertising that a mixture of earth and rock is twice as heavy as water, and they didn't argue.

Close Call

IF the past two years have left anything clear, it is the fact that the Communists, in the fine old phrase, have more fun than anybody. This was forcibly borne in on a suburban friend of ours shortly after Russia and Germany began hostilities. Meeting the town Communist at the railroad station, he couldn't resist the temptation to try to make him squirm. This, of course, was a flat failure. The Communist said blandly that it was only to be expected, that it proved Russia was the dominant figure on the international scene, and so on.

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Then he added, "The only time I was worried was when I was listening to Churchill's speech on the radio. For a minute, at the beginning, I thought he was going to rat on us."

McCreary Up

WE gather from our sporting acquaintances that every racing season produces a jockey who takes the fancy of the crowd. At any rate, they're all excited this year about Conn McCreary, a twenty-year-old hundred-pounder who stands about fourteen hands high and hails from St. Louis, where his father is a technical engineer in an automobile plant. His popularity has a solid actuarial basis. He had, when we checked up on him, ridden a hundred and sixteen winners, which put him seventeen ahead of Don Meade, his nearest rival. The people who compute these things have figured out that if you had put two dollars on the nose of every horse McCreary rode at Hialeah, you would have cleaned up $400. The same system applied during the recent meet at Belmont would have netted you in the neighborhood of $80. Even though McCreary hit a slump at Aqueduct, you would have been ahead on him.

We had a talk with McCreary at Aqueduct, just before he moved on to Empire City. He spat on the floor and told us that he wore size 2½ boots and that he had never had more than a nodding acquaintance with horses before the summer of 1937. Then he decided against finishing high school, so he went to Churchill Downs and, through sheer bluff, got a job as an apprentice jockey. The first time he mounted a horse, he simply applied the academic knowledge of riding he had gained from watching jockeys in newsreels. (We are told by disinterested parties that McCreary's style is still somewhat cinematic: he always goes past the grandstand bent practically upside down.) There's no great secret to riding, if you ask McCreary. "You get on, and you stay on," he told us, spitting again. Then he added, "I spit when I'm gloomy." We didn't pursue this subject any further.

McCreary explained his success, partially, by the fact that he weighs between ninety-six and a hundred pounds usually, which is about ten pounds less than the other boys, on the average; this puts him under the weight handicap of almost all the horses, and he can ride as often as he likes. People began to watch him at Hialeah, where he won forty races in thirty days. "That's better than one a day," he informed us. McCreary is shy, as jockeys traditionally are, but he managed to tell us how he spent his time. He gets up at a quarter to four, works out, and then is through for the rest of the day, unless he's racing in the afternoon. He goes to bed between eight-thirty and ten in the evening. For intellectual relaxation, he goes to movies and listens to the radio. We are told that his head has not been turned by success, and in support of this set down a remark he made when a small man rushed up to him, in our presence, patted him on the head, and kissed his hand. "He thinks that will bring him luck," McCreary said, spitting. "But I don't."

"The trouble is he doesn't seem to have any desire to get well."

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. . . and Unashamed

A CITY relief investigator, making his regular round of checkup calls during the late hot spell, was shocked beyond measure when one of his clients, a buxom housewife, came to the door in her underwear. As soon as he caught his breath, he gave her a little lecture on the fundamentals of deportment. "If you want to walk around half-naked in your apartment, that's your business," he said, "but you ought to put on a dressing gown when you come to the door." The lady shrugged tolerantly. "A dressing gown's in the budget?" she said.

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A TONIC FOR DR. MULQUEAN

IT was early Sunday afternoon and Dr. Thomas Aquinas Mulquean, the best general surgeon on Staten Island (B.S., Fordham '12, M.D., Harvard '16), slowly wandered the streets of St. George, filled by turns with such fury and despair that he really did not know and certainly did not care where he was going. At intervals in his trudging he would stop before a shop window or the framed stills in the lobby of some motion-picture theatre, but whatever he saw meant little or nothing to his conscious mind. Whoever greeted him went ungreeted, unrecognized. A large, imposing man of fifty-one, the Doctor had interned on the Western Front, first in the French Army and then as a Medical Corps captain (D.S.C.) in the A.E.F. He was a widower with a nineteen-year-old son, whom everybody called Johnno.

Mulquean had loved his wife hungrily and rapturously and enormously until her death eight years before, but since then he had so transferred this love to the boy as almost to expunge her from his memory. Johnno was built like the Weissmuller of the nineteen-twenties, he enjoyed superb health, and he excelled in his schoolwork and at sports. Even more remarkable, though, was the fact that he had remained completely unspoiled. He was generous, unconceited, and forever up to some nonsense which delighted his father. There had always been perfect understanding between them, perfect attunement; they were proud of each other and respected each other's prerogatives. "Gosh, what a kid!" the Doctor used to tell himself. "How do I rate the luck?"

Johnno was at Fordham, with a brilliant season behind him as a freshman halfback.

"You know me, Doc," Coach Crowley himself had said. "I'm a worshipper of understatement. Well, next year that lad of yours is a shoo-in for All American."

But on this Sunday, just before lunch, Mulquean had heard it stated authoritatively that the draft age would soon be lowered to eighteen.

It was a possibility which he had never let occur to him. Johnno had wanted to enlist, but he had persuaded him to go to college.

"Son, it's the only genuinely patriotic thing to do. Get in there and hammer at your math and your physics and chemistry and your languages as hard as you can hammer. Then, when you're twenty-one and ready, you can be an officer."

Johnno wouldn't be twenty-one until January, 1943.

The report that the draft age would be changed came to the Doctor casually over the phone from an old friend, a Medical Corps colonel stationed at Governors Island, who had called about shooting some golf. The colonel said that they'd better hurry, because it wouldn't be long before he was up to his neck in the new jeeps. Mulquean thought he meant those who had come of age since the last draft, but it turned out that the colonel was talking about a new classification, one which would start at eighteen.

For his years, Mulquean kept himself in quite good shape, but he had had to put his hands on his knees and push when he rose from the chair. He went to the wall behind his desk and stared at a framed photograph of a football team. Johnno, a full size larger than the others, was holding the football: Catholic Prep Champs, 1939.

The Doctor removed his glasses and wiped off the steam which had formed inside the lenses. Putting them on again, he twice missed his right ear with the bow. He got his hat and stumbled out of the house without saying anything to Essick, his colored houseman.

Oh, what on earth's the silly, bloody use of anything, anything at all? You beget them in love and they tear their mothers, and you sweat and pray and struggle to make it nice for them and you watch over them and bring them up to be as strong and brave and decent as you can. You try to teach them to think for themselves and you push them toward a skill or two so they can maybe do a little good in this life, and it always turns out the same in every bloody country in the world. The politicians and the ink-squirters grab them and exhort them and jazz them up and then send them off to the far places to get disembowelled by flying hardware. And for what? For a lot of bum slogans that turn to clinkers in everybody's mouth the minute the war's finished. How can people forget so fast? When is the integrity of the human race ever going to catch

"Gilbert! Here's Mamma!"

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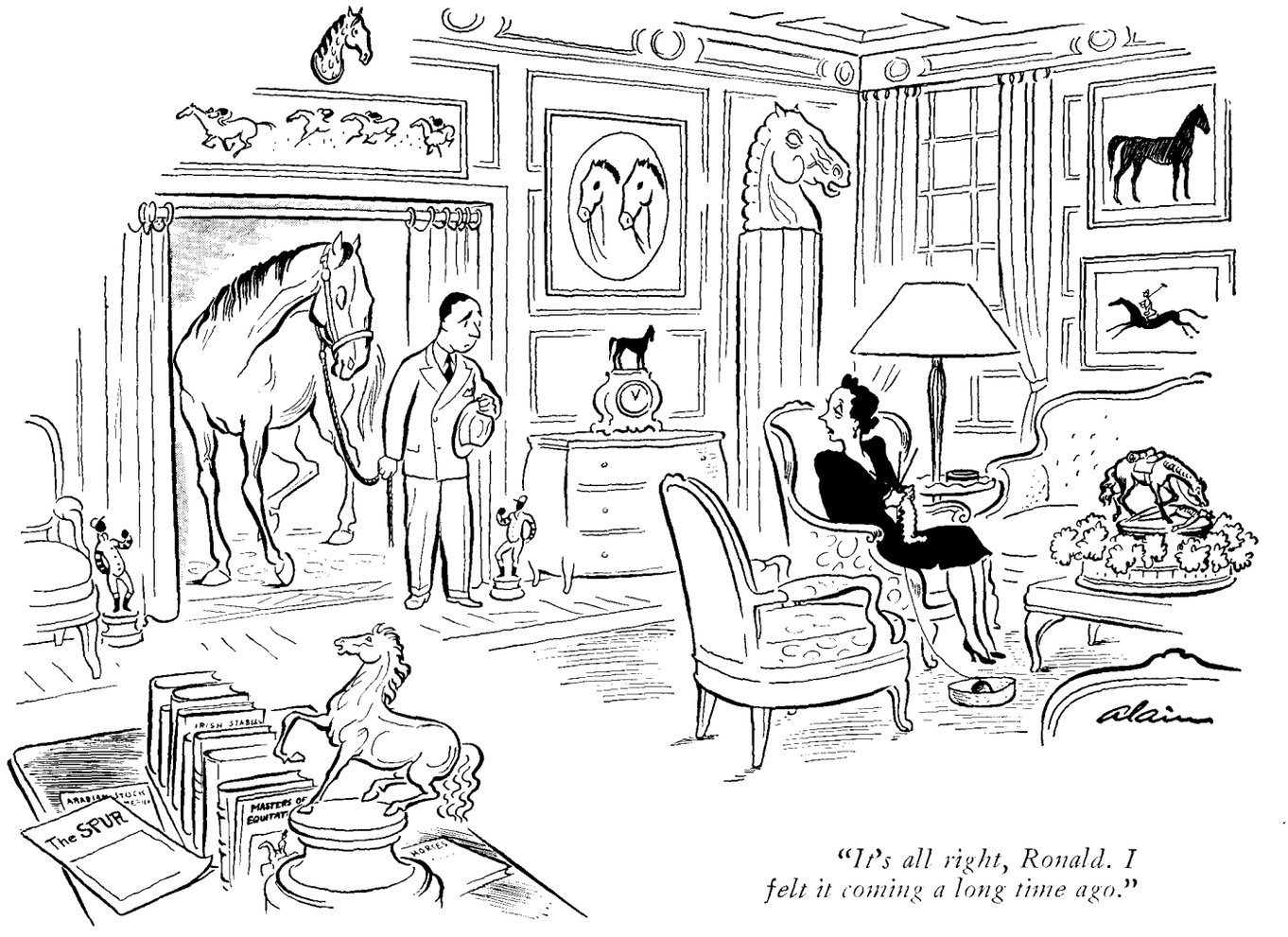

"It's all right, Ronald. I felt it coming a long time ago."

• •

up to its cunning? When in the hell will *Homo sapiens* begin to show a little *sapientia* for a change?

What politician or what ink-squirter or what exhorter on what side in what war ever so much as had his hair mussed? My God, they've even got women out exhorting, women that fifteen years ago would have been in the front phalanx of the Anti-Saloon League. Sure, ladies and gentlemen, that's a lovely lot of slogans and syllogisms you've dreamed up. They ring in the ears and look fine on a poster. But it isn't you I have on this table in this casualty-clearing station, is it? This thing here under the sheet I'm sawing and cutting and stuffing full of drains like a Thanksgiving turkey, trying to weld and vulcanize back to life. You'll pardon me, won't you? A surgeon's only an expert garage mechanic serving the human machine that's equipped with an intake and a couple of exhausts and runs on combustible material like any automobile. We fix flats. Or endeavor to. These, however, are not your flats I have here under my hand endeavoring to fix, are they? No, I think not. On closer inspection they turn out to be my son's and those of his friends and contemporaries. But not yours in any way, shape, or form, eh? Naw!

Ah, yes, the same old stupid, aching, dreary, boring, wasteful mess is commencing all over. There'll be Liberty Cabbage for sauerkraut again and, of course, with the Italians on the other side this time, something will have to be done about spaghetti. Paul Revere Noodles? And what about the Japs? "Madame Butterfly" has a Japanese heroine and a dirty dago for a composer. Anybody committing the double treason of whistling a few bars—why, off to Leavenworth with that son of a bitch. . . .

THUS inwardly moaning and railing for a long while, Dr. Mulquean at last came to, as it were, and found himself on the other side of town, several miles from his home, feeling very tired and very hungry, so, noticing Gus Ewald's sign down the block, he decided to drop in for some sandwiches and beer. Gus was a decent fellow whose wife had been a patient, and his saloon was clean and quiet. Mulquean opened the door and heard soft waltz music issuing from the radio.

To the left as you entered was the bar, to the right a pool table. The end of the bar by the front door was closed save for a yard-long wooden counterboard which worked on a hinge. The other end of the bar was open. Against the rear wall was a row of booths flanking a swinging door which led to the kitchen. A radio was back of the bar, about six feet to the right of the cash register as you faced it. Beyond the pool table was a juke box.

There were no customers in the place. Gus was behind the bar rinsing seidels. At the sight of Mulquean he beamed and hastily wiped his hands on his apron. He was a small, slight, pert man, blond, clean-shaven, in his late forties.

"Hel-lo, *Dok-tor*, hel-lo!" He seized Mulquean's hand in both of his and pumped it.

"How are you, Gus?" Mulquean said wearily. "How's Mrs. Ewald feeling?"

"Fine, *Dok-tor*, fine as zilk, t'anks. You take a beer, *ja*? Can I make you nize sandwich?"

Mulquean took the seidel, ordered a

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couple of cold roast-beefs on white, and Gus hurried to the kitchen. The beer tasted good to the Doctor, and he drank it in long pulls. He went to the far end of the bar and got a handful of pretzels from the big, blue china bowl there.

Then he remembered several routine checkup calls he had to make later in the afternoon—old Mrs. Van Hosen's tumor, Julia Sprowl's appendectomy, that switchman's piles—and as he was still very tired, he decided he had better go home and lie down for an hour or two before going to the hospital. He drained his seidel in one long pull and went to the phone booth in the rear of the saloon.

Whether it was because of his weariness or the emotional turmoil he had been through or the rapid downing of the beer on top of no lunch, or of all three, it was not until his fourth try that the Doctor got Essick on the phone; twice he dialled wrong numbers and the third time there was a busy signal. When he finally did get Essick he snarled at him to call with the car in twenty minutes and then he burst out of the booth, sweating and fuming.

On his way back to the bar he noticed that three men had come in and were now shooting pool. Two were six-footers and one was short, with a huge chest and shoulders and a nearly circular face with great, blown cheeks. As he drew near he heard one of the six-footers say to the sawed-off, "*Wer*?"

"*Die mit dem Bubikopf*," the sawed-off answered.

Die mit dem Bubikopf: the one with the bobbed hair. *Bubikopf*! God, what a word, the ugliest word in any language. Germans, eh! So what? They were probably old, steady customers of Gus's. All the same, *Bubikopf* was beyond the peradventure of doubt the ugliest word in any language.

Gus had the sandwiches and another seidel ready and Dr. Mulquean fell to eagerly. Then, as he chewed and swallowed, he suddenly became aware of the radio. A male voice was talking in that gluey shimmer of tone frequent in broadcasting from overseas: "We're ready with Mr. and Mrs. George Walklett of London."

"Hello, Ivy?" said a woman's voice.

"Hello, Mum!" an English child's voice answered, but without the tone shimmer.

"How are you, dear?"

"Aow-kye, Mum. How are you?"

"Fine, darling. Do you like the Stytes?"

"Lovely, Mum. Got a hundred in sums this week."

"That's my good girl! How's little Alf?"

"Fine. How's Dad?"

"Ullo, Ivy, me gel," a male voice broke in. "Is Alf with you there?"

"Yes, Dad, he's here."

There was a silence of several seconds. Behind him, Mulquean could hear the kiss of pool balls.

"Nah, then, Alf, 'aven't you anything to sye for yourself? Tyke your fingers aht of your mahth, there's a good chap."

Cisatlantic whispering could be distinguished.

"Hello, Mum. Hello, Dad," mumbled the voice of a bewildered small boy.

"How's Uncle Bert been keeping?" Ivy asked.

"Sorry, but that's all the time we have now for Ivy and Alf Walklett," said the folksy voice of the American announcer.

"Goodbye, loves! Goodbye, kiddies! Goodbye, Mum and Dad!" the Walkletts all said at once, and it sounded as though they were being dragged by guards away from their microphones.

Mulquean was furious. It reminded him of the time he had seen a poor woman in prison pulled away from her child after its grandmother had brought it for a visit.

"Why don't they give them a chance?" he said. "All day and all night

STONE HORSE SHOALS

"To wade the sea mist, then to wade the sea
At dawn, let drift your garments one by one,
Follow the clean stroke of a sea gull's wing
Breast-high against the sun;
Follow a sail to sunward, slowly nearing
The lazy lobster boats at Stone Horse Shoals,
And pass them silent, on a strong ebb tide,
Into an ocean empty to the poles."

The tall man clenched his eyes against the world;
His face was gray and shook like a torn sail.
"I have lived," he said, "a life that moved in spirals
Turned inward like the shell of a sea snail.
I have been the shadow at the heart of shadows.
I have stared too many years at my own face.
On Stone Horse Shoals, among the lobster boats,
I will shed my carapace.

"Something will die there, something move and watch
Its shadow fathoms downward on the sand,
Summer and winter. In another season
Another man comes wading to the land,
Where other blossoms fade among the dunes
And other children. . . . I am tired," he said,
"But I can see a naked body climbing
A naked seacoast, naked of the dead,

"Naked of language. There are signs inscribed
On stones and trees, familiar vocables;
I hope to rise out of the sea as white,
As empty and chalk-smooth as cockleshells.
And children digging naked in the sand
Will find my shell and on it scratch new words
That soon will blossom out," he said, "and bear
New fruit, strange to the tongue of men and birds."

—MALCOLM COWLEY

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"But I don't <u>have</u> a lump of sugar!"

• •

they pollute the air with garbage about loan sharks and quack healers and stuff nobody wants to buy. Turn that thing up higher, Gus."

Gus obeyed, but the cultured voice of the B.B.C. announcer had no more than said that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gillingwater were ready than a horrible braying of horns exploded from the juke box:

"Oh! me name is Macnamara,
I'm the leader of the band—"

Mulquean whirled. "Will you shut that thing off," he roared.

The sawed-off pool player gestured helplessly. Gus ran from behind the bar, jerked the juke box away from the wall, pulled its plug, and Macnamara, in the midst of recounting how Hennessey Tennessee tootled the flute, subsided on a sliding groan. Gus argued in German with the pool players and Mulquean turned back to the radio. Mrs. Gillingwater was talking in a broad north-of-England accent: "You should see your garden, Elsie. It's lovely with primroses. 'Ow's your doggie?"

"Fine. He bites a lot."

Mr. Gillingwater joined in.

"Thaht's gude. Show's he's looking arter you. Are you happy and cheerful, twins? 'Ow's Mavis?"

"Fine, thahnk you, Dahdy."

"Thaht's right. We did enjoy your snaps."

"Time's up now, I'm afraid, for Mavis and Elsie Gillingwater," came the folksy voice again, but Mr. Gillingwater wasn't through yet.

"Goodbye, twins, and you tell 'em over there there'll always be an England, and you tell 'em, before we've done we'll knock old Aydolf's bloody block off."

The four Gillingwaters were ex-

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changing their drag-away farewells when, from the region of the pool players, there came a long, juicy bird. Mulquean turned around slowly.

"Who did that?"

The sawed-off, who was bent over the table about to make a shot with the aid of the bridge, reddened, but nobody said anything. Mulquean turned back to the radio. A Scotch woman was talking to her son and daughter. The exchange of dialogue was, as before, jerky and hesitant.

"I've joined the Camp Fire Girls."

"Oh? Is it like our Girl Guides, then?"

"Yes."

"Does your kilt still fit, Donald?"

"Not any more, I'm afraid."

"Oh? How big are you now, then?"

"I'm fifty-nine and one-half inches and I weigh ninety-six pounds."

"My! You *are* getting a big boy. We'll want a lorry to fetch you home."

Mulquean became aware of one of the big pool players at his side. He was carrying his cue.

"Blease," he said, "blease." He had a thick accent.

"Pipe down," Mulquean said, waving a hand at him and straining to hear what the daughter was telling the Scotch woman.

"Did the canary get the present I sent?"

"Blease," the big pool player repeated. "Ve could giff efen zo fine a pro*gram*, much better, mit Cherman jildren, if ve vant to."

"Sure," Mulquean said, "mit the Cherman jildren in Rotterdam."

"*Schick' das Ding ab*!" the big pool player shouted, and Gus reached for the knob of the radio.

"Get away from there, Gus!" said the Doctor.

The big pool player turned and dashed toward the front door end of the bar. Mulquean started for the opposite end. He heard the counterboard slammed back. As he was rounding his end, he saw Gus vault over the beer spigots. Then he saw that the big pool player was rushing toward him down the back of the bar with his cue clubbed, so he whipped off his glasses, crammed them into a pocket, seized the big, blue pretzel bowl, and charged ahead. Dimly he realized that a blast of hot jazz was coming out of the radio and that the refugee children and their parents had left the air, but it was too late now.

The cue butt was coming down. Mulquean threw his weight on his right foot and felt a terrible pain in his left shoulder, but at the same moment he slammed the bowl with all his might at the big pool player's face. The big pool player slipped on the damp backbar duckboards and went down in a shower of pretzels. The sawed-off pool player and the other big one, rushing up as reinforcements with their clubbed cues, knelt by their fallen comrade. Incredibly, the bowl had not broken.

"*Heil Hitler*!" the first big pool player cried as soon as they got the bowl off him.

Good God, not really! The ham theatrics of it made Mulquean laugh aloud.

"*Heil* Postmaster General Frank C. Walker!" he yelled, putting a foot on the big pool player's chest as he started to get up and ramming him back. "*Heil* Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard!"

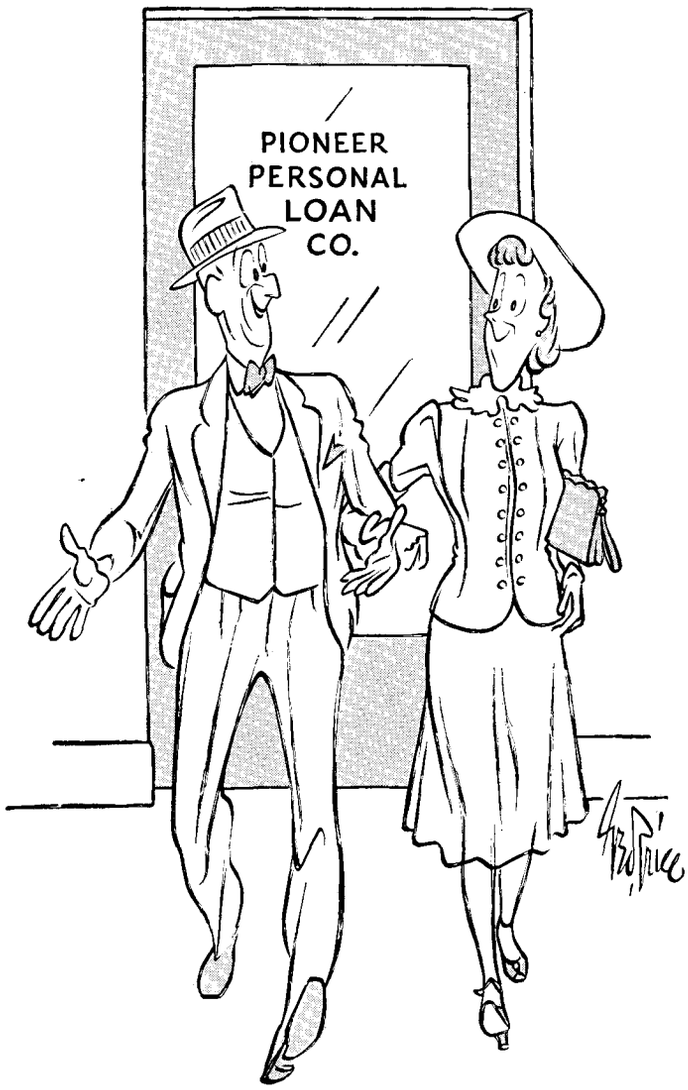
Mulquean ran down to his end of the bar, pausing only to skim his sandwich plate at them. Close, but no cigar. The sawed-off reached into the sink, pulled out a seidel, and lobbed. What to throw? What to throw? Mulquean saw the pool table and sprinted for it.

From the pool players there came a brief flurry of glassware, but they threw with awkward motions and the seidels were a cinch to dodge. As soon as he got his glasses back on and the pool balls going, he had all three of them hugging cover; they didn't dare stick their noses above the bar. It had taken only five balls. Gus poked his head out of the kitchen.

"Don't worry, Gus. I'll settle for everything."

"Go ride ahet, *Doktor*. I haff blenty breakitch insurance."

Dr. Thomas Aquinas Mulquean then pegged five balls for hardly more than sheer visceral satisfaction. He felt wonderful. He wished Johnno could see him. He felt as wonderful as he had the day he pitched against Princeton and shut them out with only three scratch hits, the Presbyterian bastards. —JOEL SAYRE



"Now we can look the whole world straight in the eye, dear—except the Pioneer Personal Loan Company."

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The publisher has modernized his part quite in keeping with the content, using a more attractive type face, paper of more datisfactory opacity, pictures running through the margin in the fashion of the say, and a distinctly improved rendering of halftones. Proofreading is excellent.

—*American Chemical Society News.*

Goody!

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THE WEE BARN ON THE HILL

III—THE WORKS

"ONCE more, Freddy and Colly, if you don't mind." Norman Candler, the director, leaned his chin on the seat in front of him and spoke in a professionally winning tone. "It was so good that time—so *damn* good—that I want to set it that way." All around him, in the darkness of the ex-barn that housed the summer productions of the Wee Barn on the Hill, there arose a ghostly chorus of sighs and creaks from the wooden seats. It was like the disembodied clamor of the voiceless damned. Really, it was the entire staff, waiting for the dress rehearsal to be dismissed. Outside, the soft air was full of darting fireflies, and the moon was setting. It was three o'clock of a Monday morning.

Old Collyer Harrison, the character man, sat resting in the most comfortable chair in a stage set that represented a working compromise between the spaciousness of a fictional English country house and the actual tininess of the Wee Barn's stage. He was wearing a white tie and tails, and a few skillful dabs of makeup had transformed his normally cherubic face into that of an overbred, sensitive aristocrat. Frederica Michaelson was walking gingerly through the furniture toward the door, mumbling as she walked. She looked at each object onstage with weary suspicion, as well she might; in the past week of rehearsal, she had bruised her lovely body at least once on everything. The trailing satin negligee she wore might have been a straitjacket and a set of manacles. Even her face, weighted down with makeup, seemed out of her control. "So-and-so-and-so-and-so, 'Then she *has* gone, Uncle Bob,' takes me back of the sofa," she was chanting, under her breath. "So-and-so-and-so-and-so, 'We've always stuck together' takes me to the table. Step, step, step to the *door*. So-and-so-and-so-and-so, 'You must come and see us in London, darling.' "

Miss Michaelson, a student who had paid three hundred dollars for the privilege of associating herself with the Apprentice Group of the Wee Barn on the Hill, would not normally have been assigned so important a rôle as that of Margaretta, the tempestuous younger sister in "The Dinner Gong." Though beautiful, she was not especially tempestuous—"acting and accent, both from Dixie," Bee Grahame, the company's leading woman, was fond of saying. However, of a batch of candid-camera shots hopefully sent to one of the big picture magazines by Chuck Lowell, the partner who doubled as business manager and publicity man, the editors had printed only one picture—that of Miss Michaelson in a sun suit. The caption had identified her as a "starlet" and a "find," and Norman Candler, though outspoken in his opinion that she was both a dopelet and a bitchlet, had done what he could to turn her into an actress in six days of rehearsal.

" 'You must come and see us in London, darling,' " Norman said. "Then smile, hold it until you see the curtain coming down, then turn and go out. It's as easy as falling off a log. Remember, this first-act curtain sets the mood of the whole play. When *you* talk about going away, Uncle Bob realizes that Hermione can't be allowed to make a mess of her life *and* yours. You have the whole play right in your hands, dear." He passed his hands over his face, and with a visible effort of will said, "Now, just *once* again . . ."

OPENING night, Monday, Miss Michaelson got through her big scene without bumping into anything, Tuesday night it went even better, and by Thursday Miss Michaelson was complaining bitterly to other members of the cast if she didn't get a satisfactory laugh on her line "Too young? Well, time will tell." As nearly as it could be pieced together later, it was sometime late Thursday or early Friday that she figured out the classic trick of upstaging.

Old Harrison showed no surprise when, on Friday night, he glanced up, near the end of Act I, from his Scotch-and-soda and did *not* find his niece standing in front of his chair. Cautiously, he looked around; Miss Michaelson was standing on a line with the back of his chair. She had him cold, as he said later; he was tied down to the coffee table in front of the sofa, where the siphon stood, along with the letter from his barrister. They played the scene that way, Harrison presenting only a thin slice of profile to the audience, Miss Michaelson radiantly facing the footlights.

There was hardly any argument afterward. Old Harrison stopped Miss Michaelson outside the women's dressing room and began, "Darling, I think if we played our scene the way Norman—" Miss Michaelson stuck her tongue out at him and banged the dressing-room door.

"Old poop!" Her voice, inside, was clearly audible.

Harrison trudged back to the men's dressing room, suddenly cheerful. "Tomorrow's another night," he said when they tried to sympathize with him.

SATURDAY night there was a rumor backstage that there was a Warner Brothers' talent scout in the audience. Miss Michaelson made her preparations. Old Harrison made his.

This evening, for good measure, Miss Michaelson stood a good foot in back of the line of Colly Harrison's chair on her entrance. But when he turned and said, "My dear, what are you doing up this late?" Miss Michaelson gave an almost audible gasp of alarm. The right side of his face, the "upstage" one which the audience could not see, was writhing rather horribly.

"Uncle Bob, I know all about what's happening. Hermione just told me," Miss Michaelson quavered, nervously.

Old Harrison, presenting a bland, concerned profile to the audience, wiggled his right ear. "Margaretta, my dear," he boomed, "do you remember how you used to beg for a glass of punch at Christmas time, and how I used to say, 'Wait until you're grown up'? Well, the time has come—practically." This was old Harrison's cue to pour a drop of whiskey into a tumbler and present it to Miss Michaelson; the smallness of the drink had, so far, always produced a sympathetic laugh from the audience. Tonight, he filled the tumbler more than half full.

Miss Michaelson, helplessly caught up in the train of her rehearsed words and actions, looked at the mighty drink with pretty concern, and said, pertly, "Now, Uncle Bob, I wouldn't want to get tipsy—at a time like this."

"Go ahead, child," Colly boomed,

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jovially. Miss Michaelson, with a desperate look, drained the glass; she had to swallow four times. A long, low whistle came from the audience, and the whistle provoked a laugh.

"And I believe I'll join you," Colly cut in smoothly, on cue. He poured himself a drink of normal size and tossed it off in one gulp. There was another laugh.

"Hermione's gone up to London, to see Hilary. I suppose you know what that means," Miss Michaelson said, trying to ignore the fact that Harrison's face was again twitching hideously.

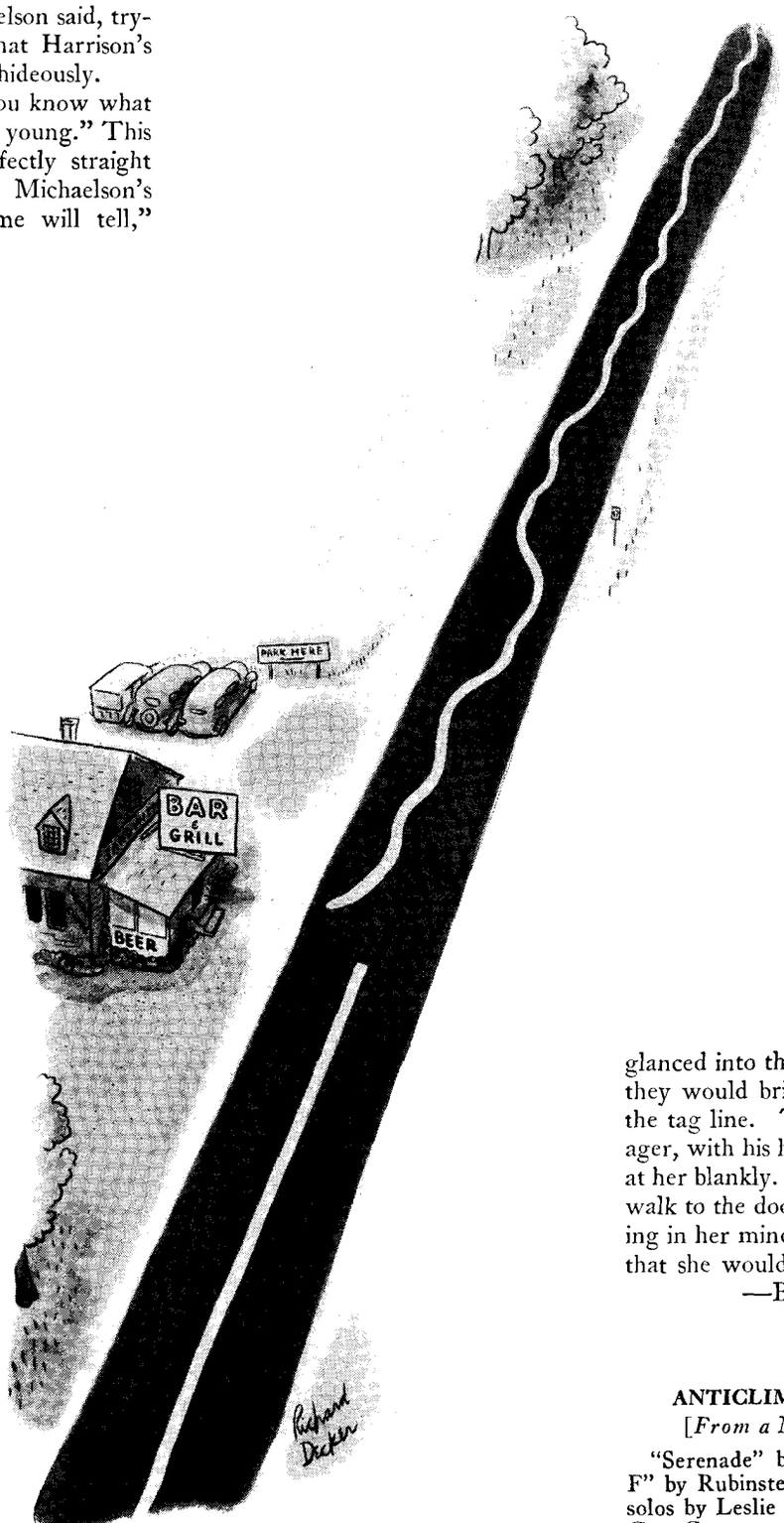
"I can't believe that you know what you're saying. You're too young." This should have been a perfectly straight line, a "feed" for Miss Michaelson's "Too young? Well, time will tell," which was a sure laugh. Old Harrison, however, said, "I can't—ah—believe that you—ah—know what you're—ah—saying." As he spoke, he looked quizzically from the half-empty whiskey bottle on the table to Margaretta's empty glass. There was another laugh, which completely drowned Miss Michaelson's reply.

Again, Harrison horribly contorted the right side of his face. Miss Michaelson dropped her gaze, just at the moment that he edged open his tailcoat, displaying a large red button that read "We the People Want Willkie." Miss Michaelson gave a semi-hysterical hiccup of laughter and plunged into her next line. She wanted only to finish doing what had to be done in the scene, and then leave the stage, forever.

But now Miss Michaelson got the hazy impression that, however fast she spoke, it wasn't fast enough. Old Harrison was biting his cues—speaking just before she finished the last word of her line. He worked her up to a meaningless gabble, then dropped back to the proper tempo for his big speech, a rambling, philosophic discourse on love, youth, and old age. In the script, it finished with the words "After all, what is nicer than pleasant memories?" This was Miss Michaelson's cue to cry, "Memories! Memories! I don't want any of your old *memories*! I want life!"

"After all, what is—ah—pleasanter than to be able to look back on—ah—a lifetime of pleasant things?" Harrison said.

Miss Michaelson's eyes widened in panic. She was supposed to repeat a word that now hadn't been spoken. Frantically, she tried to seize on some word that old Harrison had spoken. "Mem—lifet—," she gasped, then, finally, "I don't want just memories! I want life!"



This was her cue to seize Harrison's lapels and shake him. However, Harrison had got up and retreated behind a chair during her verbal Gethsemane, and she had to follow him. Finally she got back of the chair, too, and shook him. Then was to begin the carefully timed speech that was to take her from point to point across the stage to the door; Norman had showed her, with chalk marks, just how to do it. She took a deep breath, preparing to coordinate speech and motion. Just at this point, Harrison looked down and carefully planted his foot on the train of her negligee.

She had to speak her curtain speech standing only a foot away from Harrison. When the final words were out—"You must come and see us in London, darling"—he released her.

From the chair to the arched doorway of the set was fifteen feet. Miss Michaelson glanced into the wings, in the hope that they would bring down the curtain on the tag line. The assistant stage manager, with his hand on the ropes, looked at her blankly. Miserably, she started to walk to the doorway. There was nothing in her mind but a hope, a dim hope, that she wouldn't bump into anything.

—Barbara Anne Fuller

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a North Dakota paper*]

"Serenade" by Drigo and "Melody in F" by Rubinstein were played as clarinet solos by Leslie Anderson after which Dr. Geo. Countryman gave a talk on syphilis.

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DAYS OF INNOCENCE

VII—FIRE ALARM

AT midnight or thereabout on Saturday, February 6, 1904, I did my share as city editor to put the old Baltimore *Sunday Herald* to bed and then proceeded to Frank Junker's saloon opposite the City Hall to join in the exercises of the Stevedores' Club. Its members, having already got down a good many schooners, were in a frolicsome mood, and I was so pleasantly edified that I stayed until three-thirty. Then I caught a nighthawk trolley car, and by four o'clock was snoring on my celibate couch on Hollins Street, with every hope and prospect of continuing there until noon of the next day. But at 11 A.M. there was a telephone call from the *Herald* office saying that a big fire had broken out on Hopkins Place, the heart of downtown Baltimore, and fifteen minutes later a reporter dashed up to the house behind a sweating hack horse and rushed in with the news that the fire looked to be a humdinger and promised swell pickings for a dull winter Sunday. So I hoisted my still malty carcass from my couch and got into my clothes, and in no time I was on my way to the office with the reporter. I got there at about 11:30 A.M. of Sunday, February 7th. It was not until 4 A.M. of Wednesday, February 10th, that my pants and shoes, or even my collar, came off again. And it was not until 11:30 A.M. of Sunday, February 14th—precisely a week to the hour since I set off—that I got home for a bath and a change of linen.

For what I had walked into was the great Baltimore fire of 1904, which burned a square mile out of the heart of the town and went howling and spluttering on for seven days. I give the exact schedule of my movements simply because it delights me, in my autumnal years, to dwell upon it, for it reminds me how full of steam and malicious animal magnetism I was when I was young. My opening burst of work without a stop ran to sixty-four and a half hours, and then I got only six hours of nightmare sleep and resumed on a ration of from twelve to fourteen hours labor a day, with no days off and no time for meals until work was over. It was brain-fagging and backbreaking, but it was grand beyond compare—an adventure of the first chop, a razzle-dazzle superb and elegant, a circus in forty rings. When I came out of it at last I was a settled and indeed almost a middle-aged man, spavined by responsibility and aching in every sinew, but I went into it a boy, and it was the hot gas of youth that kept me going. The uproar over and the *Herald* on an even keel again, I picked up one day a volume of stories by a new writer named Joseph Conrad and therein found a tale of a young sailor that struck home to me as the history of Judas must strike home to many a bloated bishop, though the sailor naturally made his odyssey in a ship, not on a newspaper, and its scene was not a provincial town in America but the South Seas. Today, so long afterward, I too "remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men. . . . Youth! All youth! The silly, charming, beautiful youth!"

HERALD reporters, like all other reporters of the last generation, were usually late in coming to work on Sundays, but *that* Sunday they had begun to drift in even before I got to the office, and by one o'clock we were in full blast. The fire was then raging through a whole block, and from our fifth-floor city-room windows it made a gaudy show, full of catnip for a young city editor. But the Baltimore firemen had a hundred streams on it, and their chief, an old man named Horton, reported that they would knock it off presently. They really might have done so if the wind had not changed suddenly at three o'clock and begun to roar from the west. In ten minutes the fire had routed Horton and his men and leaped to a second block, and in half an hour to a third and a fourth, and by dark the whole of downtown Baltimore was under a hail of sparks and flying brands and a dozen outlying fires had started to eastward. We had a story, I am here to tell you! Every newspaper in Baltimore save one was burned out, and every considerable hotel save three, and every office building without exception. The fire raged for a full week, helped by that roaring and bitter winter wind, and when it fizzled out at last, the burned area looked like Pompeii, and up from its ashes rose the pathetic skeletons of no less than twenty overtaken and cremated fire engines—some of them from Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York. Old Horton, the Baltimore fire chief, was in hospital, and so were several hundred of his men.

My labors as city editor during that electric week were onerous and various, but for once they did not include urging lethargic reporters to step into it. The whole staff went to work with the enthusiasm of crusaders shinning up the

"You see, dear, it says right here it's made from the root of the cassava tree in the far-off jungles of Brazil, so you ought to try to like it."

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walls of Antioch and all sorts of volunteers swarmed in, including three or four forgotten veterans who had been fired years before and were thought to have long since reached the dissecting room. By four o'clock Sunday afternoon thirty typewriters were going in the city room and my desk was beginning to pile high with red-hot copy.

Lynn Meekins, the managing editor, decided against wasting time and energy on extras. The story, in truth, was too big for such banalities; they would have seemed like toy balloons in a hurricane. "Let us close the first city edition," he said, "at nine o'clock. Make it as complete as you can. If you need twenty pages, take them. If you need fifty, take them." So we began heaving copy to the composing room, and by seven o'clock there were columns and columns of type on the stones and picture after picture was coming up from the engraving department. Alas, not much of that palpitating stuff ever got into the *Herald*, for a little before nine o'clock, just as the front page was being made up, a couple of excited cops rushed in, howling that the buildings across the street were to be blown up in ten minutes and ordering us to clear out at once. By this time there was a fire on the roof of the Herald Building itself and another was starting in the pressroom, which had plate-glass windows reaching from the basement to above the street level, all of them long ago smashed by flying brands. We tried to parley with the cops, but they were too eager to be on their way to listen to us, and when a terrific blast went off up the street, Meekins ordered that the building be abandoned.

There was a hotel three or four blocks away, out of the apparent path of the fire, and there we went in a dismal procession—editors, reporters, printers, and pressmen. Our lovely first edition was adjourned for the moment, but every man jack in the outfit believed that we'd be back anon, once the proposed dynamiting had been done—every man jack, that is, save two. One was Joe Bamberger, the foreman of the composing room, and the other was Joe Callahan, assistant to me as city editor. The first Joe was carrying proofs of all the pages already made up, galley proofs of all the remaining type matter, and all the copy in the composing room not yet set. In his left overcoat pocket was the front-page logotype of the paper and in his right pocket were ten or twelve halftones. The other Joe had on him what copy had remained in the city room, a wad of Associated Press flimsy about the Russo-Japanese War, a copy hook, a pot of paste, two boxes of copyreader's pencils, and the assignment book!

But Meekins and I, like the rest, refused to believe that we were shipwrecked, and in a little while he sent me back to the Herald Building to have a look, leaving Joe No. 2 to round up such reporters as were missing. I got there safely enough but did not stay long. The proposed dynamiting, for some reason unknown, had apparently been abandoned, but the fire on our roof was blazing violently and the pressroom was vomiting smoke. As I stood gaping at this dispiriting spectacle, a couple of large plate-glass windows in the composing room under the roof cracked, and a flying brand—some of them seemed to

A MATTER OF COURSES

Restaurant proprietors indicated today that the table d'hôte may go into a decline for reasons of national defense.—*The Times.*

There lives upon this sacred spot
No more embattled patriot
Than I. My hands, my home, my pence
Are dedicated to Defense.
Let freedom ring and I'll abet her.
I'll buy a bond, I'll knit a sweater,
Or, filled with sacrificial love,
Give all my kettles to the Gov.
But never, sirs, you'll get my vote on
Scrapping the table that I d'hôte on.

My heart leaps up when I behold
Those canapés both hot and cold,
That onion soup which croutons thicken,
That broth of veg. or broth of chicken,
While sweetly hesitant I am
Between the fruit juice and the clam.
Oh, bid me not by change of venue
Forever scan some literal menu
Where raisins come without the rice
And even the celery has its price.

Breathes there a man with soul so grim
No Choice of Two entrances him?
Who feels no joy divine as Plato's
In matching up the right potatoes
(French-fried or whipped) with Yankee roast,
Prime ribs, or something creamed on toast?
Or one who, when he's cast his fate
With pudding (nut-and-chocolate),
Has never wished he'd got instead
The other kind of pudding (bread)?

If such there be, go let him haunt
Some high, some haughty restaurant
Where checks are fat and waistlines thinner.
But me, I sing the Dollar Dinner.
I hymn the soda-freshened peas,
The succotash, the cottage cheese,
The watercress that salads toss on,
The day-old cake with foamy sauce on,
The apple snow where custards float.
Ah, rescue, sirs, that table d'hôte!

I'll bear each burden black and heavy.
I'll pay my tax, I'll sell my Chevvy.
But ask me not with fainting heart
To take my courses à la carte.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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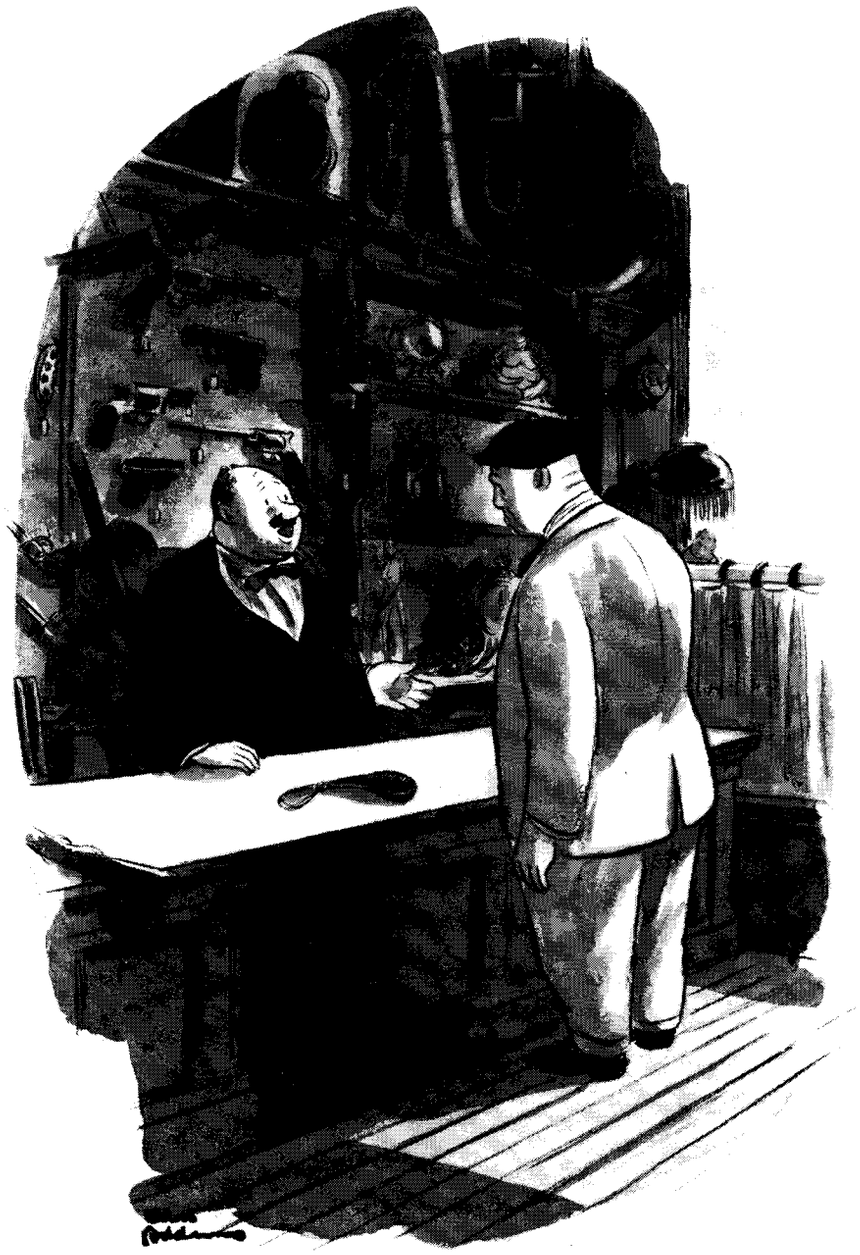
be six feet long—fetched a window on the editorial floor just below it. Nearly opposite, on Fayette Street, a sixteen-story office building had caught fire, and I paused a moment more to watch it. The flames leaped through it as if it had been made of matchwood drenched with gasoline, and in half a minute they were roaring in the air at least five hundred feet. It was, I suppose, the most melodramatic detail of the whole fire, but I was too busy to enjoy it, and as I made off hastily I fully expected the whole structure to come crashing down behind me. But when I returned a week later, I found that the steel frame and brick skin had both held out, though all the interior was gone. During the following summer the burned parts were replaced and the building remains in service to this day, as solid as the Himalayas.

AT the hotel, Meekins was trying to telephone to Washington, but long-distance calls still took time in 1904 and it was fifteen minutes before he raised Scott C. Bone, managing editor of the Washington *Post*. Bone was having a busy and crowded night himself, for the story was worth pages to the *Post*, but he promised to do what he could for us, and presently we were hoofing for Camden Station, a good mile away—Meekins and I, Joe Bamberger with his salvage, a copyreader with the salvage of the other Joe, half a dozen other desk men, fifteen or twenty printers, and small squads of pressmen and circulation men. We were off to Washington to print the paper there—that is, if the gods were kind. They frowned at the start, for the only Baltimore & Ohio train within the next hour was an accommodation, but we poured into it and by midnight we were in the *Post* office and the hospitable Bone and his men were clearing a place for us in their frenzied composing room and ordering the pressroom to be ready for us.

Just how we managed to get out the *Herald* that night I can't tell you, for I remember only trifling details. One was that I was the principal financier of the expedition, for when we pooled our money at Camden Station it turned out that I had forty dollars in my pocket, whereas Meekins had only five dollars, and the rest of the editorial boys not more than twenty dollars among them. Another is that the moon broke out of the winter sky just as we reached the old B. & O. station in Washington, and shined down sentimentally on the dome of the Capitol. And a third is that we all paused a second to look at the red glow over Baltimore, thirty-five miles away as the crow flies. The fire had really got going by now and for four nights afterward the people of Washington could see its glare from their streets.



"—and there are no moving parts to get out of order."

• •

Bone was a highly competent managing editor, and so contrived somehow to squeeze us into the tumultuous *Post* office. All of his linotypes were already manned, so our operators were useless, but they lent a hand with the makeup, and our pressmen went to the cellar to reinforce their *Post* colleagues. It was a sheer impossibility to set up all the copy we had with us, or even the half of it or a third of it, but we nevertheless got eight or ten columns into type and the *Post* lent us enough of its own matter to piece out a four-page paper. In return, we lent the hospitable *Post* our halftones, and they adorned its first city edition next morning. Unhappily, the night was half gone before Bone could spare us any press time, but when we got it at last the presses did prodigies, and at precisely six-thirty the next morning we reached Camden Station on a milk train with thirty thousand four-page *Heralds* in the baggage car. By eight o'clock they were all sold.

Some time ago I unearthed one of these orphan *Heralds* from the catacombs of the Pratt Library in Baltimore and gave it a looking-over. It turned out to be far from bad, all things consid-

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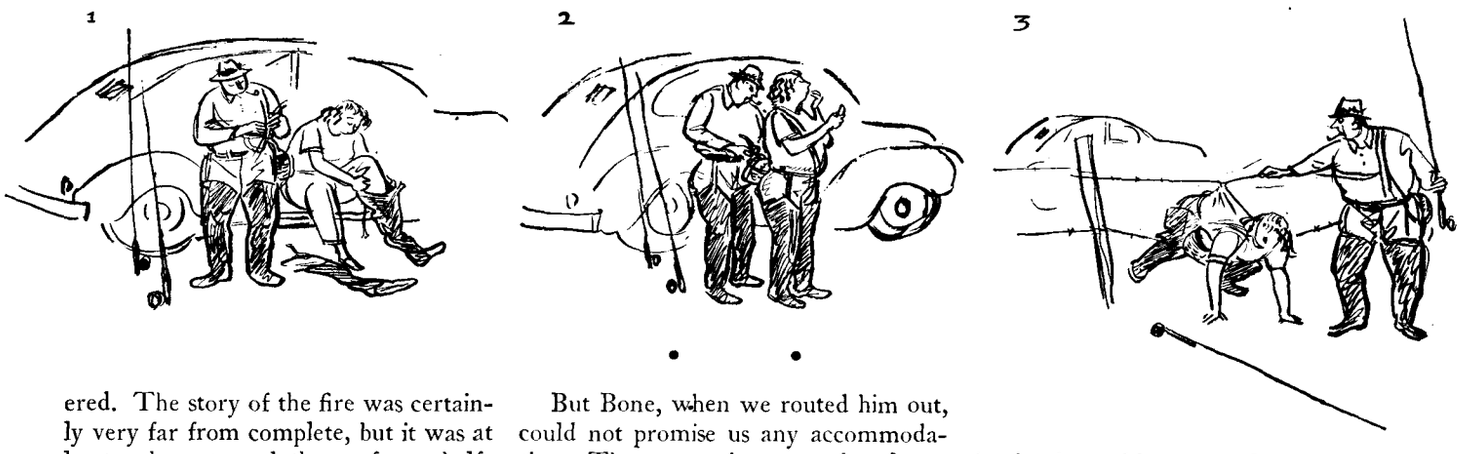

ered. The story of the fire was certainly very far from complete, but it was at least coherent, and three of our halftones were on page 1. The eight-column streamer head that ran across its top was as follows:

HEART OF BALTIMORE WRECKED BY GREATEST FIRE IN CITY'S HISTORY

Well, brethren, what was wrong about that? I submit that many worse heads have been written by pampered copyreaders sitting at luxurious desks with vassals and serfs at their side. It was simple, it was direct, there was no fustian in it, and it told the story perfectly. I wrote it on a makeup table in the *Post* composing room, with Meekins standing beside me writing a box for the lower right-hand corner of the first page thanking the *Post* for its "proverbial courtesy to its contemporaries" and promising formally that the *Herald* would be "published daily by the best means it can command under the circumstances."

Those means turned out, the next day, to be a great deal short of ideal. Leaving Joe Callahan, who had kept the staff going all night, to move us to another and safer hotel, for the one where we had found refuge was now in the path of the fire, Meekins and I returned to Washington during the morning to make arrangements for bringing out a larger paper. We were not ashamed of our four pages, for even the Baltimore *Sun*, printed by the Washington *Evening Star*, had done no better, but what were four pages in the face of so vast a story? The boys had produced enough copy to fill at least ten on the first day of the fire, and today they might turn out enough to fill twenty. It would wring our gizzards intolerably to see so much hot stuff going to waste. Moreover, there was art to consider, for our two photographers had piled up dozens of gorgeous pictures, and if there was no engraving plant left in Baltimore, there were certainly plenty in Washington.

But Bone, when we routed him out, could not promise us any accommodation. There was, it appeared, a long-standing agreement between the *Post* and the Baltimore *Evening News* whereby each engaged to take care of the other in times of calamity, and the *News* staff was already in Washington cashing in on it and would keep the *Post* equipment busy whenever it was not needed by the *Post* itself. Newspapers in those days had no such plants as they now boast; if I remember rightly, the *Post* had not more than a dozen linotypes, and none of them could chew up copy like the modern monsters. The prospect seemed depressing indeed, but Bone gave us a shot of hope by mentioning casually that the Baltimore *World* appeared to have escaped the fire. The *World*? It was a small sheet of the kind then still flourishing in most big American cities, and its daily editions seldom ran beyond four pages, but it was an afternoon paper and we could hire its equipment for the night. What if it had only four linotypes? We might help them out with hand-set matter. And what if its Goss press could print but five thousand six- or eight-page papers an hour? We could run it steadily from 6 P.M. to the middle of the next morning, bringing out edition after edition.

WE got back to Baltimore as fast as the B. & O. could carry us and found the *World* really unscathed and, what is more, its management willing to help us, and as soon as its own last edition was off that afternoon, Joe Callahan and the gentlemen of the *Herald* staff came swarming down on its little office on Calvert Street. The ensuing night gave me the grand headache of my life, with throbs like blows of an axe and almost continuous pinwheels. Every conceivable accident rained down on us. One of the linotypes got out of order at once, and when, after maddening delays, Joe Bamberger rounded up a machinist, it took two hours to repair it, and even then the machinist refused to promise that it would work for long. Meekins thereupon turned to his desperate plan to go back to Gutenberg and set matter by hand—only to find that the *World* had not enough type in its cases to fill more than a few columns.

He sent me out to find more, but all the larger printers of Baltimore had been burned out and the only supply of any size that I could discover was in the office of the *Catholic Mirror*, a weekly. Arrangements with it were made quickly and Joe Bamberger and his gallant lads of the union rushed the place and proceeded to do or die, but setting type by hand turned out to be a slow and vexatious business, especially to linotype operators who had almost forgotten the case. Nor did it soothe us to discover that the *Mirror's* stock of type (most of it old and worn) was in three or four faces, that each face was in two or three sizes, and that there was not enough of any face and size to set more than a few columns. But it was now too late to balk, so Joe's goons went to work and by dark we had ten or twelve columns of copy in type, some of it in eight point, some in ten point, and some in twelve point. That night I rode with Joe's assistant, Josh Lynch, in a commandeered express wagon as these galleys of motley were hauled from the *Mirror* office to the *World* office. I recall of the journey only that it led down a steep hill and that the hill was covered with ice. Josh howled whenever the horse slipped, but somehow or other we got all of the galleys to the *World* office without disaster, and the next morning, after six or eight breakdowns in the pressroom, we came out with a paper that at least had some news in it, though it looked as if it had been set up by country printers locked up in a distillery.

When the first copy came off the *World's* rickety Goss press, Meekins professed to be delighted with it. In the face of almost hopeless difficulties, he said, we had shown the resourcefulness

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of Robinson Crusoe and for ages to come this piebald issue of the *Herald* would be preserved in museums under glass and shown to young printers and reporters with appropriate remarks. The more, however, he looked at it the less his enthusiasm soared, and toward the middle of the morning he decided suddenly that another one like it would disgrace us forever and announced at once that we'd return to Washington. But we knew before we started that the generous Bone could do no more for us, and, with the *Star* monopolized by the Baltimore *Sun*, there was not much chance of finding accommodation in

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"I said, 'What's to prevent us from being married at sea?'"

• •

Washington that would be better than the *World's* in Baltimore.

The pressure for space was now doubled, for not only was hot editorial copy piling up endlessly but also advertising copy. Hundreds of Baltimore business firms were either burned out already or standing in the path of the fire, and all of them were opening temporary offices uptown and trying to notify their customers where they could be found. Even in the ghastly parody printed in the *World* office we had made room for nearly three columns of such notices, and before ten o'clock Tuesday morning we had copy for ten more.

BUT where to turn? Wilmington? It was nearly seventy miles away and had only small papers. We wanted accommodation for printing ten, twelve, sixteen, twenty pages, for the *Herald* had suffered a crippling loss and needed that advertising desperately. Philadelphia? It seemed fantastic, for Philadelphia was nearly a *hundred* miles away. To be sure, it had plenty of big newspaper plants, but could we bring our papers back to Baltimore in time to distribute them? The circulation men, consulted, were optimistic. "Give us fifty thousand papers at 5 A.M.," they said, "and we'll sell them." So Meekins, at noon or thereabout, set off for Philadelphia, and before dark he was heard from. He had made an arrangement with Barclay H. Warburton, owner of the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* plant would be ours from 6 P.M., beginning the next day, and it was big enough to print any conceivable paper. Meekins was asking the Associated Press to transfer our report from Baltimore to Philadelphia and the International Typographical Union to let our printers work there. I was to get out one more edition in Washington and then come to Philadelphia, leaving Joe Callahan in charge of our temporary office in Baltimore. But first I was to see Oscar G. Murray, president of the B. & O., and induce him to give us a special train from Philadelphia to Baltimore, to run every night until further notice.

The B. & O.'s headquarters in Baltimore had been burned out too, but I soon found Murray at Camden Station, functioning grandly at a table in a storage warehouse. A bachelor of luxurious and even Levantine tastes, he was in those days one of the salient characters of Baltimore, and his blue-and-white striped automobile was later to become a major sight of the town. When he gave a party for his lady friends at the Stafford Hotel, where he lived, it lasted for three days and three nights. He looked, that dreadful afternoon, as if he had just come from communion with his barber, tailor, and haberdasher. He was shaved so closely that his round face glowed like a rose, and an actual rose was in the buttonhole of his elegant but not too gaudy checked coat. In three minutes I had stated my problem and come to terms with him. At two o'clock every morning a train consisting of a locomotive, a baggage car, and a coach would be waiting at Chestnut Street Station in Philadelphia, with orders to shove off for Baltimore the instant our *Heralds* were loaded. It would come through to Camden Station without stop, and we could have our circulation-hustlers waiting for it there.

That was all. When I asked what this train would cost, the magnificent Murray waved me away. "Let us discuss that," he said, "when we are all back home." We did discuss it two months later, and the bill turned out to be nothing at all. "We had some fun together," Murray said, "and we don't want to spoil it now by talking about money." That fun consisted, at least in part, of some very exuberant railroading. If we happened to start from Philadelphia a bit late, which was not infrequent as we accumulated circulation, the special train made the trip to Baltimore at hair-raising speed, with the piles of *Heralds* in the baggage car thrown helter-skelter on the curves and the passengers in the coach scared half to death. All known records between Philadelphia and Baltimore were broken during the ensuing five weeks. Finally the racing went so far beyond the seemly that the proper authorities gave one of the engineers ten days' layoff without pay for wild and dangerous malpractice. He spent most of his vacation as the guest of our printers in Philadelphia, and they entertained him handsomely.

BUT there was still a paper to get out in Washington that night, and I went there late in the afternoon to tackle the dismal job. The best Bone could do for us, with the Baltimore *News* cluttering the *Post* office all day and the *Post* itself printing endless columns about the fire still raging, was four pages, and of their thirty-two columns nearly thirteen were occupied by the advertisements I have mentioned. I got the business over as soon as possible and returned to Baltimore eager for a few winks of sleep, for I had not closed my eyes since Sunday morning and it was now Wednesday. In the *Herald's* temporary office I found Isidor Goodman, the night editor. He reported that every remaining bed in

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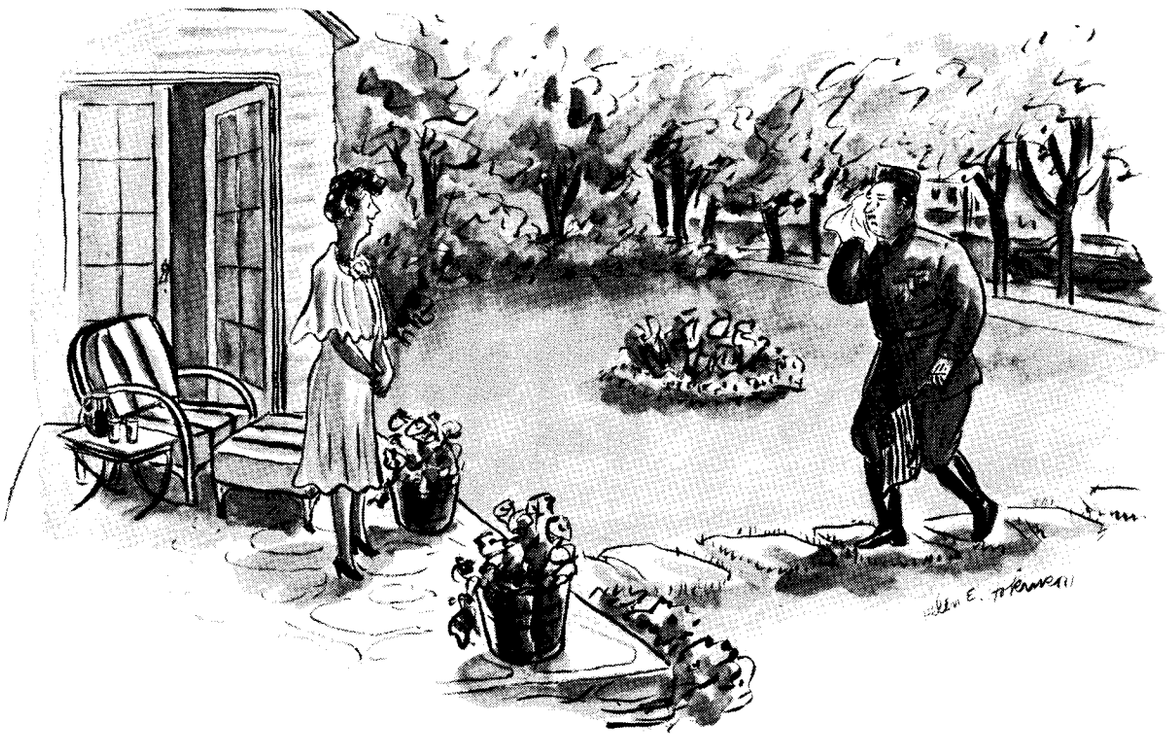


"How was the Parade, dear . . . hot?"

DON'T YOU LOVE a parade? Gerald does. But it seems Gerald has been letting his enthusiasm get just a bit the better of him. He looks rather badly in need of succor.

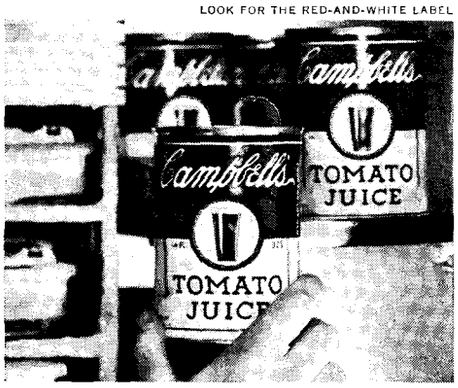
And that is just what he is going to get. Note the pitcher there by that oh, so welcome chair! That pitcher's full of cool, refreshing Campbell's Tomato Juice. Lucky Gerald!

Have you discovered how good Campbell's tastes? "Aaa-h!" you will say at your first delightful sip! And that sigh of satisfaction will mean that here indeed is tomato juice with the true fresh-tomato flavor . . . a flavor you may never have found in any other tomato juice. So why don't you try Campbell's Tomato Juice tomorrow—say, for breakfast?

GARDEN-FRESH, WITH A LIVELY, THIRST-QUENCHING FLAVOR
. . . THAT'S *Campbell's* TOMATO JUICE!

A sparkling beginning for breakfast . . . a gleaming glass of Campbell's zestful tomato juice. And every glass helps supply your daily need for the precious vitamins A, B and C—vitamins that are so essential to glowing, vigorous health.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Keep several cans cooling in the refrigerator all ready for use. So easy . . . you just open the can and pour. No mess. No fuss. No bother. You, your children, your whole family will enjoy the true tomato flavor of Campbell's.

THE LARGEST-SELLING TOMATO JUICE IN AMERICA

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downtown Baltimore was occupied two or three deep and that if we sought to go home, there were no trolley cars or night hacks to haul us. In the office there was a table used as a desk, but Joe Callahan was snoring on it.

Finally, Isidor allowed that he was acquainted with a lady who kept a surreptitious house of assignation on nearby Paca Street and suggested that business was probably bad with her in view of the competing excitement of the fire and that she might be able in consequence to give us a bed. But when we plodded to her establishment, which was in a very quiet neighborhood, Isidor, who was as nearly dead as I was, pulled the wrong doorbell and a bass voice coming out of a nightshirt at a second-story window threatened us with the police if we didn't make off. We were too tired to resist this outrage, but shuffled down the street, silent and despairing. Presently we came to the Rennert Hotel and went in, hoping to find a couple of vacant spots, however hard, on a billiard table, or the bar, or in chairs in the lobby. Inside, it seemed hopeless, for every chair in sight was occupied and a dozen men were asleep on the floor. But we knew the night clerk who was on duty and after some mysterious hocus-pocus he whispered to us to follow him, and we trailed along up the stairs to the fourth floor. There he unlocked a door and pointed dramatically to a vacant bed, looking beautifully white, wide, and deep. We did not wait to learn how it had come to be so miraculously vacant, but peeled off our coats and collars, kicked off our shoes, stepped out of our pants, and leaped in. Before the night clerk left us we were as dead to this world and its sorrows as Gog and Magog. It was 4 A.M. and we slept until ten. When we got back to the *Herald's* quarters we let it be known that we had passed the night in the house of Isidor's friend on Paca Street, along with two rich society women from Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

THE next night we got out our first paper in Philadelphia—a gorgeous thing of fourteen pages, with twenty columns of advertising. It would knock the eyes out of the *Sun* and *Evening News*, and we rejoiced and flapped our wings accordingly. In particular, we were delighted with the *Evening Telegraph's* neat and graceful head type, and when we got back to Baltimore we imitated it. Barclay Warburton came down to the office that night to see us through, elegantly invested in a tail-coat and a white tie. Despite this unprofessional garb, he turned out to be a smart fellow in the pressroom, and it was largely owing to his aid that we made good time. I returned to Baltimore early in the morning on the first of Oscar Murray's special trains and got a dreadful bumping on the curves and crossings. The circulation boys fell on our paper with exultant gurgles, and the next night we lifted the press run by ten thousand copies.

We stayed in Philadelphia for five weeks and gradually came to feel almost at home there—that is, if anybody not born in the town can ever feel at home in Philadelphia. The attitude of the local colleagues at first puzzled us, and then made us snicker in a superior way. Save for Warburton, not one of them ever offered us the slightest assistance or, indeed, even noticed us. We were printing a daily newspaper a hundred miles from base—a feat that remains unparalleled in American journalism, so far as I know, to this day—and it seemed but natural that some of the Philadelphia brethren should drop in on us, if only out of curiosity. But the solitary one who ever appeared was the managing editor of one of the morning papers, and he came to propose graciously that we save him a few dollars by lending him our halftones of the fire. Inasmuch as we were paying his paper a substantial sum every day for setting ads for us—the *Evening Telegraph* composing room could not handle all that crowded in—we replied with a chilly negative, and he retired muttering.

Meekins' arrangements for getting out the *Herald* so far from home were made with skill and worked perfectly. Joe Callahan remained in Baltimore in charge of our field quarters outside the burned area, and on every train bound for Philadelphia during the afternoon he had an office boy with such copy as had accumulated. At six o'clock, when the *Evening Telegraph* men cleared out of their office, we opened a couple of private wires, and they kept us supplied with later matter. Even after the fire burned out at last, Baltimore was in an appalling state, and there were plenty of old Baltimoreans who wagged their heads despairingly and predicted that it would never be rebuilt. One such pessimist was the mayor of the town; a little while later, yielding to his vapors, he committed suicide. But there were optimists enough to offset these children of gloom, and before we left Philadelphia the debris was being cleared, many ancient and narrow streets were being widened, and scores of new buildings had been started. All these debates and doings made for juicy news, and the men of the local staff, ably bossed by Joe Callahan, poured it out daily. Meekins would come to Philadelphia two or three times a week to look over his faculty in exile, and I would drop down to Baltimore about as often to aid and encourage Joe. We had our own printers in Philadelphia and our own pressmen. Our circulation department performed marvels and the advertising department gobbled up all the advertising in sight, which, as I have said, was plenty. The *Herald* had been on short commons for some time before the fire, but during the two or three months afterward it rolled in money.

ONCE I had caught up on lost sleep I prepared to do a narrative of the fire as I had seen it, with whatever help I could get from the other *Herald* men, but the project got itself postponed so often that I finally abandoned it, and to this day no connected story has ever been printed. The truth is that, while I was soon getting sleep enough, at least for a youngster of twenty-four, I had been depleted by the first cruel days more than I thought, and it was weeks before I returned to anything properly describable as normalcy. So with the rest of the staff, young and old.

Surveying them when the hubbub was over, I found plenty of ground for distrust of alcohol as a fuel for literary endeavor. They divided themselves sharply into three classes. Those who had kept off the stuff until work was done and it was time to relax (there were, of course, no all-out teetotallers in the outfit) needed only brief holidays to be substantially as good as new. Those who had drunk during working hours, though in moderation, showed a considerable dilapidation, and some of them had spells of sickness. Those who had boozed in the classical manner were useless before the end of the second week, and three of them were floored by serious illnesses, one of which ended, months later, in complete physical and mental collapse. I pass on this record for what it is worth. —H. L. MENCKEN

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LOKMA

Dough dumplings kneaded in egg, puffed and ballooned. Served with a whisper of rose water.—*Menu of a Turkish café in Boston.*

And eaten with shouts of praise?

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 29 (BY CABLE)

SINCE last weekend the English have been facing up to a tough job of readjustment. Having in the past decided to regard Russia as the great imponderable who would continue to sit shrewdly on the fence until the moment when she could come off it and dictate terms to a war-exhausted world, they realized suddenly that the fence was deserted and its former occupant was right there on the firing line beside them. The first shock was as great as though a grizzly had dropped in for afternoon tea. So far as could be gathered, most people—not only those who learn what's going on by reading the newspapers but those who should be well informed—hadn't expected it to happen. The rumors of some such development, with which the town had been buzzing all the previous week, had been viewed with caution as being either the buildup for a super-bluff that would end in concessions by Stalin or a bit of wishful thinking on the part of those who had often spoken hopefully of the possibility of Russia and Germany flying at each other's throats.

When that possibility was confirmed as an actuality on the most dramatic Sunday morning of the war, some of the gallant attempts to digest the startling new idea looked queer and others plain funny. Vicars leading their flocks in prayer for the Allies may have faltered a trifle at the notion that they were now imploring divine protection for the godless hordes of Soviet Russia. The young and merry looked forward (in vain, as it turned out) to hearing the "Internationale" played by the B.B.C. before the nine-o'clock news, along with the customary national anthems of the Ethiopians and other Christian folk. All the doubts and questions, and many of the jokes, were dissipated later in the day, however, by the firm tone of Mr. Churchill's speech, which must have been one of the trickiest to prepare of any he has made and which couldn't have been better done. As Englishmen were saying admiringly the next morning, "He always bats best on a sticky wicket."

This particular batting performance effectually knocked the fears of the landed gentry and the possible murmurs of upper-class near-Quislings right out of sight over the pavilion. Its effect was immediate and excellent. The press still seemed a bit shy of the word "ally" but enthusiastically discovered "partner," emphasizing that the new lineup was to be strictly a business arrangement, with Britain tactfully closing an eye to the Hammer and Sickle and the Soviet presumably doing ditto to the Cope and Crown. The Communist Party suddenly decided that this wasn't an imperialist war after all, while prominent White Russians, such as Prince Vsevolode, announced that in such a situation the color of anyone's politics mattered less than his love of country. In case there should be fears that disturbing doctrines might be imported from the new partner, Mr. Wang, president of the London Chinese Association, pointed out reassuringly that in spite of Soviet coöperation with his country, China isn't even pink. The Soviet Ambassador, M. Maisky, was photographed being benevolently beamed upon by a lord at a lunch party where the toast to Russia was proposed and received with as much acclaim as the toast to Finland had roused at a similar lunch, not attended by M. Maisky, about sixteen months ago. Mme. Maisky was written up by the press as a keen gardener who kept the Embassy flower bowls full of Old World cottage roses, this being a sure short cut to any British hearts which might still be feeling a bit doubtful.

Whatever doubts remained in most sensible minds were concerned not with ideological twisters but with the question of Russian resistance, about which the experts are not particularly comforting. It is known that the Soviet transportation system was in a pretty bad snarl just recently and people fear that the Nazis' best points—organization and communications—may turn out to be Russia's worst. All that anyone seems certain about is that the invasion of Britain has been shelved until the outcome of the new struggle has been determined. Even the happy few who used to be convinced that the invasion would never be tried have come around to thinking, since Crete made them a little less happy, that it is scheduled for September, if the Soviet has been knocked out by then.

MEANWHILE, the respite is seen as the best opportunity that has come Britain's way for some time. The stepping up of the R.A.F. bombing program and the daytime fighter-patrol successes over northern France have

ONLY 29.95* ZENITH HAS THIS!

U. S. PATENT NO. 2164251

WAVEMAGNET

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS

A NEW INVENTION—IT'S DIFFERENT

THE ONLY PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

WORKS ON LIGHT SOCKET OR BATTERY

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

Earphones Solve Privacy Problems

Storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. Listen with superior *Zenith* earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

Under No Other Name But Zenith . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things. *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

OFFICE VACATION SPORTS TRAIN PLANE

DeLuxe Editions in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

Regular edition in a choice of four attractive covers:
1. Brown Airplane Fabric.
2. Gray Airplane Fabric.
3. Ivory and Brown. 4. Alligator.

*Western prices slightly higher.

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH

LONG DISTANCE RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

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HERMAN SHUMLIN presents his
TWO PRIZE-WINNING PLAYS
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
Lucile Watson • Paul Lukas • Mady Christians
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St., Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Drama Critics' Circle Awards 1941
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
NATIONAL Theatre, W. 41 St.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned Theatres

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
Air-Conditioned
EMPIRE Theatre

"BRILLIANT." Watts, Her. Trib.
PAL JOEY
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL - GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT - JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47 St., Air-Cond. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. July 4, Sat. & Wed.
AIR-CONDITIONED

New Prices $2.20, 1.65, 1.10 None Higher
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Air-Cond. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"The best new American play of the season"
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

been taken as encouraging signs that Britain is going to use its chance well. Londoners hope that the new situation will be exploited to the full to raise the workers' production level, which has got to reach a superhuman new high in the next few precious weeks, and to encourage the suppressed Communist element in the Reich. People wouldn't say no, either, to a few more raids on occupied territory, like the Lofoten one, only on a bigger scale; with Germany so formidably engaged, they argue, there couldn't be a better time. There's no doubt that lots of Britons also believe this is the moment for full American intervention. One of the first responses to the Russian news was anxiety as to what the American reaction would be, and there was a good deal of relief when the official offer of all possible aid to the Soviet Union was announced.

With so much importance being placed by Britain on the slightest move in Washington and with so much anxious glancing at the United States barometer, naturally any gestures of amity between the two English-speaking countries are much encouraged. As the result of an idea thought up by the *Daily Express*, many London rooftops will courteously flaunt the Stars and Stripes on the Fourth of July. Another extension of hands across the sea was made recently by the Board of Education, which disclosed with horror the sad fact that less American history is taught in English schools than British history is taught in American schools. In the future, English tots will learn all about Bunker Hill and Saratoga so that they will have the right background for telling *their* children about Anglo-American coöperation, which by then, ninety-nine per cent of the British now seem firmly to believe, will have written a vital and invigorating chapter in the world's history. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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The type and amount of perfume kept on hand by a cultured woman was revealed May 15 in a novel way. On that day Mrs. John H. Harden, a resident of Oklahoma City, Okla., reported to the police authorities a $1,684 loss of jewelry and other property by burglary.

The property stolen included 25 bottles of perfume valued at about $375. The perfumes stolen as listed by the police were: Reflection, Surrender, Mon Image, Opening Night, Impromptu, Carefree, Shocking, Pinx, Sweet Pea, Shalimar, Joy, Presence, Indiscreet, My Sin, Duchess of York and a bottle of Blue Grass toilet water.—*The American Perfumer.*

Ah, those Oklahoma nights!

STADIUM CONCERTS
Amsterdam Ave. 136th to 138th Streets
Every Evening at 8:30
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MONDAY, JULY 7
Piano Soloist: JOSEF
HOFMANN
THURSDAY, JULY 10
GERSHWIN NIGHT
With OSCAR LEVANT
MONDAY, JULY 14
BENNY GOODMAN
POPULAR PRICES: 25c, 50c and $1.00
Reserved section: $1.50 a seat. Tables seating 8: $12.00.
Steinway Hall Box-Office 113 W. 57—Circle 7-5534
Stadium Box-Office—Audubon THREE-3400

"A SMASH HIT!" — Walter Winchell
B. G. DE SYLVA presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of B'way. (Air-Conditioned)
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

MOTION PICTURES
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ACTION IN GEORGIA

AFTER a bleak day in the Jamaica armory and a three-day stopover at Camp Upton, I became a member of the Eighth Infantry Regiment. From Upton I was shipped, along with several hundred other selectees, as drafted men prefer to be known, to Fort Benning, Georgia, where the Eighth is now stationed, in the bosom of the Fourth Division Motorized, the Army's one fully mechanized division. The Eighth Infantry is one of the oldest and most honored regiments in the United States Army. Founded in 1838 at West Troy, New York, it has since served all over the world, participating in the Indian, Mexican, Civil, Spanish-American, and Philippine Wars. It is a matter of some regret to the older enlisted men that the Eighth did not see action in the last World War; two days after the regiment arrived in France, the armistice was hastily signed. The Eighth did, however, become part of the American Army of Occupation, remaining in Germany until 1923. For the past half-century, its personnel has come mainly from the South, but in the last three months the regiment has been brought to wartime strength—about two thousand men—by an influx of Northern selectees, so today Southerners are outnumbered by Northerners two to one. Almost all the selectees in the Eighth are from New York City or its environs, while most of the officers and regular army men are Southerners. Though this has resulted in a good deal of sectional chauvinism, actual conflict between the North and the South has been negligible. Each side, nevertheless, is continually amazed at the other's inability to speak English.

Once at his permanent station, a selectee goes through a period of recruit drill before he is given regular company duty. In the infantry this is an eight-week stretch. The first three weeks or so of this are spent on close-order drill and lectures. Close-order drill is formation work done at attention, such as the Manual of Arms or marching in a parade. It is not until about the fourth week that extended-order drill, or actual battle formation, is practiced. Until that fourth week the selectees in my company were taught how to march in step, how to carry and clean a rifle, how to salute an officer, and other military necessities. We were also lectured on hygiene, first aid, sex, and the iniquities of the neighboring cities. The days were completely routined. Our company was awakened at five-thirty, marched to the drill field at seven, drilled and lectured until twelve, marched back again, and lunched. At ten minutes to one we were again lined up, and the morning program was repeated until five, when we were dined. After that we were technically free until the next morning, although beds had to be made, rifles cleaned, shoes and faces shined, and other minor tasks accomplished. By ten, when lights went out, most of the men were already asleep.

THE drill field was hot and dusty, and it was therefore with much relief that we learned one afternoon in our fourth week that we were to march a mile into the woods and have our afternoon there instead of on the field. The word went around as we lined up at ten to one in front of the barracks, and our lieutenant confirmed it. He was a blond young man of twenty-five who had been called up from the Reserves. He was strict, but the regulars assured us that we would later thank him for it. When we were all lined up, he told us that we were going into the woods for extended-order drill and should pay close attention to what happened, as this would approximate actual battle conditions. Then we put on our packs, slung our rifles over our shoulders, and marched off.

We marched in three platoons, about sixty men to a platoon. The Fourth Division Motorized is not only motorized but also, in 1941 Army terminology, streamlined. This means that it has fewer men and that its component units form in threes instead of fours: three platoons to a company, three companies to a battalion, three battalions to a regiment, and three regiments to a division. In a so-called heavy division, which contains heavier artillery, the distribution is by fours. I was in the first platoon, between a twenty-five-year-old Brooklyn clothing salesman named Stein and a twenty-three-year-old Italian boy named La Gattuta, who came from Corona and had been a stock clerk at Macy's. The other men in the group usually referred to La Gattuta with obscenity, if affection, because he had volunteered. He had fought in the Golden Gloves one year but had been disqualified because of a heart murmur after he had won several bouts. He was delighted with our excursion to the country. "This looks just like Corona," he said as we left the camp area and headed into the woods.

Inside the woods it was cool and pleasantly damp. The trees were all Georgia pine and grew straight and tall; you could see the sky only in patches. The ground was covered with pine needles. We marched quietly, since conversation in ranks was strictly prohibited, but you could tell that the men were excited when they counted cadence. During a march an officer will call out "Cadence count!" to see if his men are in step. As the men step off on their right foot, they shout "Step!" and then "One, two, three, four" to each successive step. This

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is repeated twice. If the men have been in the Army for more than a week, they shout the Army equivalent of "one, two, three, four," which is "hut, tup, thrup, frup," but during the first couple of months this always makes them feel a little foolish. Usually you can determine the level of men's spirits by the way they count cadence. This afternoon they were counting with vim if not abandon.

After twenty minutes of marching, we came to a small glade and the lieutenant called a halt. We were told to take off our packs and prepare for the afternoon's work. The lieutenant spoke to us briefly about what we were to do, using the word "terrain" often and repeating that this was practice in actual warfare. Then the company was divided into fifteen-man squads, each squad assigned to a specific sector of an assumed battle front and put under a corporal or sergeant, and marched off into the woods. My squad was led by one of the regular sergeants, a tall, red-headed boy from South Carolina. He was perhaps the best liked of the non-commissioned officers, because he did not work the men too hard. He led the squad at an easy pace for about two hundred yards, stopping every so often to see that no one was lost. We walked single file. I was still between Stein and La Gattuta. "In Prospect Park—" Stein said as he tripped over a branch. "Cut out the god-damn talkin' in ranks," the sergeant said.

WHEN we had gone far enough, the sergeant held up his hand and everyone stopped. "Gather round," he said. He knelt, and we all knelt around him. He pointed to a small, wooded hill about three hundred yards ahead. "We're goin' to attack that there hill, and there's a machine-gun nest on top of it," he said. No one said anything, but a few men stared at the hill with interest. The sergeant looked at us and then at the hill and then at us again. "You all got that?" he asked. We nodded. "O.K.," he said. "Line up in column." We took our places. "When we scatter, even numbers will go to the right, odd to the left," he said. "Count —*Haw*!" We counted off after one false start. I was No. 9. "O.K.," the sergeant said. He waved his hand forward and we started off, walking slowly in single file toward the hill.

After about fifty yards the sergeant held up his hand as a signal to stop. He turned to face us and held both arms out horizontally, waving his hands up and down. That was the signal for us to form two skirmish lines, right and left. In a skirmish line men are staggered in two rows, one five yards ahead of the other. I unslung my rifle, hitting myself in the head, and ran to my left. When I was five yards past No. 7, I stopped and looked up and down my line. It was practically a semicircle, but the sergeant, by means of signals, adjusted the men until the line was straight and facing the hill. Then he lowered his hand, palm down—the signal for us to drop. There is a correct way to do this in the Army: you hit the ground first with your knees, then with the butt of the rifle, to break your fall. First, though, you are supposed to take cover. I headed for a tree a yard or so to my left and took about ten seconds getting down. Once comfortable, I fitted the rifle to my shoulder, as we had been taught to do, and pointed it toward the hill. The top of the hill was bare and innocent in the sun. I lay with my body at a forty-five-degree angle to the target, legs apart, and looked for the spot on the hill where the imaginary enemy's machine-gun nest might be located.

In front the sergeant was talking to Nos. 1 and 2, who were looking important. He pointed to the hill and they nodded. Then they started to walk slowly toward it, No. 1 several steps ahead of No. 2. They moved on tiptoe, up the hill, dodging from one tree to another, and I wondered what the hell they were doing. Then I remembered: they were the scouts who would go ahead and warn us when they saw the enemy. I was watching them, expecting at any moment to hear a shot ring out and see one of them tumble expertly to the bottom of the hill, when the sergeant came down the line to inspect our positions. "That tree ain't no good to hide behind," he said to me. It was a good two feet across and looked solid enough for anything, but the sergeant shook his head. "Machine gun'll cut right through it," he said. "Cut your god-damn head right off." He moved on down the line and I looked uneasily for another tree.

There was a clump of them to my right and I crawled toward it, conscious of all my exposed parts. When I got there I found Stein sitting against the trunk of one of the trees. "This is strictly a dog's life," he said sadly. "Give me suits to sell." I pointed out that he was No. 8 and belonged to the right side of the line. "Eight-shmate," he said. "You got a cigarette?" I shook

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my head and he crawled over to No. 7 to borrow one.

The scouts were evidently within range of the enemy, because they were crawling now, but they hadn't yet reached the top. I made a mental note never to volunteer for any scouting and looked around to see what else was going on. Up and down the line men were flat behind trees or stumps or bushes. Even at such short distance it was hard to pick them out because of the blending of the uniforms with the ground. On my left, No. 11 was peering through his rifle sights, apparently covering the scouts. No. 13 had his head on his arms and seemed to be asleep. No. 15 was scratching his head. I moved over to No. 11. We had been at the armory together, but it was difficult to remember how he had looked in civilian clothes. No. 11 was thirty-four years old and his hair was almost all gray, but he was tanned now and looked younger in his uniform. As I reached him the sergeant whistled and I turned away.

The sergeant was back at the centre of the line, sitting on a stump. "First two men on the left," he called, "prepare to rush!" Nos. 13 and 15 raised themselves until they were in the position of a sprinter about to take off. "Rush!" Rifle in hand, they rose and were away, running at top speed. "Down!" the sergeant yelled. They both dived without choosing cover, hitting the ground with a thud. "Break their god-damn heads doin' it that way," the sergeant said without emotion. "This is the right way to fall," he said. "There is only one way to do a thing in the Army and that is the right way." He ran along the line a few steps, then fell, twisting his body so that within an instant after he hit the ground the rifle was at his shoulder in the firing position. It was all done easily and comfortably and the men were much impressed. "That man is a Class A-one soldier," Stein said with admiration.

The sergeant rose and brushed himself off. "O.K.," he said. "Next two men on the right, prepare to rush. . . . Rush!" The two men dashed forward, falling awkwardly. "Next two men on the left," the sergeant called, "prepare to rush!" I drew up my right leg and dug my toe into the ground. "Rush!" I sprang out, head down, rifle held diagonally across my chest. "Down!" There was a tree directly in front and I threw myself at it. My knees hit dirt and I twisted to the side, banging my elbow against a rock. I put the gun to one side and sat up, rubbing my elbow. "Get that god-damn head down!" the ser-

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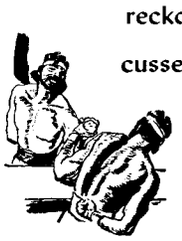

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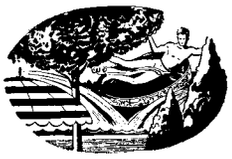

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geant yelled. I lay down on my stomach and tried to see if there were any casualties. No. 11 was crouched over his rifle, disposing of the enemy, and the others seemed to have made the trip safely. I assumed the firing angle and waited for something to happen. Behind me the sergeant was ordering other men forward. Suddenly someone down the line said, "There's the enemy!" Through the trees on the left I could see a skirmish line of actual men walking toward us. "O.K., men," our sergeant said, making the most of our accidental meeting. "Let's surprise those guys." Everyone stopped talking and their faces took on a strained, alert look. The other men could not see us and continued to advance, walking slowly and silently, the way the Western hero walks up the street to meet the bad man just before the gun fight. As they came nearer the sergeant told us to prepare to fire, and their leader must have heard the click of the bolt of one of our rifles being pulled back, because he held up his hand for them to stop. For a moment there was no sound at all. A bird flew low across our line. Suddenly our sergeant yelled "Fire!" and the clicks of our triggers sounded very loud. The other men jumped a little, then we all began to laugh. They came closer and we saw that they were one of our own squads. "You're cooked, Mac," No. 11 said to one of them. "I shot you six times already." "Go to hell," Mac said pleasantly.

A WHISTLE blew in the distance and our sergeant stood up. "Ten-minute break," he said. I leaned my rifle against a tree and walked around. Every hour we got a ten-minute rest. The other squad had moved away; our sergeant was talking to some of our men and I joined them. On the hill our scouts had come out of concealment and were stretched out in the sun. The men were ribbing the sergeant in double-talk. Stein had his rifle over his knee and was gesturing toward the inner parts. "The kravaswitch is broken," he was saying. "You mean the bolt?" the sergeant asked. "He means the kravasnatch," another man said. "The part next to the warple." The sergeant picked up the rifle and inspected it carefully. "It's broken," Stein said firmly. "The lieutenant said I should show it to you." "Looks O.K. to me," the sergeant said. He stared doubtfully at the rifle and then at the men, but no one laughed. "Beats me," he said finally. He handed the rifle back to Stein, and then everyone laughed. "What a connivo," one

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of the men said, hitting Stein on the back. The sergeant didn't look too pleased but he smiled. "I *thought* it was some of your Jew talk," he said to Stein.

The men broke up to move back to their positions, but La Gattuta stayed to talk to the sergeant, and I decided to remain, too. "You ever been to New York?" La Gattuta asked. The sergeant was rolling a cigarette and he shook his head slowly so as not to upset the tobacco. "I'd like to see him in traffic," La Gattuta said to me. "What're you going to do when you get out?" he asked the sergeant. "Reënlist," the sergeant said. I asked him what he did before joining the Army. "Worked as a bleacher in a print mill," he said. "Belong to a union?" La Gattuta asked. "Hell, no," the sergeant said. He finished rolling his cigarette and lighted it. "I'd like to be one of those god-damn soldiers of fortune, that's what I'd like to be," he said. "Only they ain't no call for them no more." He looked as though he would make a good soldier of fortune.

The ten minutes were nearly up, so I moved back to my position. I lay down on my back and looked up at the sky through the trees. Next to me, No. 11 and No. 13 were discussing our regiment's food. "I hear it's better at the Twenty-second," No. 11 was saying. "Hah!" said No. 13. "If we're barking here, they're oinking there." The whistle blew and they both moved back to their places. I maneuvered myself into a firing position. "First two men on the left!" the sergeant shouted, and we were off again. We advanced twice more, and then we were up to the hill. Off to one side I spotted the lieutenant leaning against a tree, watching us. "Fix bayonets!" the sergeant called. At the top of the hill one of the scouts turned around and raised his rifle, which meant that the enemy was in sight. The sergeant faced us and waved one arm from side to side. That was the firing order. I looked through the rifle sights at a large tree and simulated firing at an enemy soldier. No. 11 was getting in two shots to my one. I hoped my protecting tree was thick enough this time. Suddenly the sergeant held up his hand to tell us to cease fire. The lieutenant was still watching. "Give 'em the cold steel!" the sergeant called. "And let's hear some noise!" the lieutenant called. We were going over the top. "Rush!" the sergeant screamed. We all rose and charged up the hill. Everyone began to yell, feebly at first, then louder, until the whole forest was alive. No. 11 was bellowing like a bull, slashing at trees with

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his bayonet; on my other side, Stein was laughing loudly and humorlessly. I did not know quite what to yell, but I noticed that the lieutenant was watching closely. "Hi-yo, Silver!" I hollered, leaping over the dead and wounded. A few men were laughing but the rest looked grim and excited. The rise grew steeper and the rifle began to weigh me down. The noise was terrific, with all the men yelling violently and the lieutenant shouting encouragement from below. We reached the top in a last burst of energy and spilled down into a little hollow. The sergeant held up his hand to halt us, but some of the men overran, shadowboxing with their bayonets. The sergeant made circles in the air with his hand, the signal for assembly, and we finally dribbled into column formation. All the men were panting; some were coughing, their faces red from exertion. They were still excited and kept moving around in place. The two scouts came out of the underbrush to fall in. "You guys had it easy," one of them said to Stein. "We had to crawl all over the place." "You should live so," Stein said.

We stood around catching our breath while the lieutenant came slowly up the hill. "That was good work, men," he said when he reached us. "But next time make more noise. Show the enemy he's fighting *Americans*." "Yes, sir," the sergeant said, saluting. The lieutenant saluted in return, then walked off into the woods. The sergeant marched us down the hill to where we had started. "We're goin' to do it again," he said. "And I want to hear more noise." Several of the men sighed, but no one said anything.

We attacked the hill again, Nos. 3 and 4 acting as scouts. Then we attacked it again, cutting three minutes off the time we had made before and not yelling so loud. When it came my turn to be a scout, I ran too far in the open and the sergeant said I'd have had my god-damn head cut right off. The general idea seemed to be that if you captured the hill enough times, you could keep it. After the sixth try the whistle blew. It was the signal to assemble for the march back to the barracks. I looked at my watch and was surprised to find it was already four-thirty.

THE sergeant lined us up once more and we marched back to the glade. Other squads were also coming out of the woods and we all lined up in platoon formation. The lieutenant was standing at the head of the company. "You did a fine job, men," he said when we were all assembled. "Remember that

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these are the conditions under which you will actually be fighting." He paused and looked meaningful. "And the way things are shaping up, you men may be dodging bullets within three months." The ranks stirred at that and several men turned to glance at each other. No one looked enthusiastic. "Tenshut!" the lieutenant called. We put on our packs, slung arms, and began the march back. The lieutenant called for route step, which meant we could talk, but no one spoke for a while. Finally one man began to sing. Someone else joined him and soon most of the company was singing. They sang all the marching songs, repeating "Marching Through Georgia" to irritate the noncoms. After each song there was a pause and then a man would start another song and the rest would join in whether or not they knew the words. The only dissension occurred when someone began to sing "Over There" and the men broke it up to sing "Over *Here*." By the time we marched out of the woods and into the company area, the men were all together, singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." When the lieutenant asked for a cadence count, they counted loudly and cheerfully. It was still a fine afternoon and the war was three thousand miles away.

—Walter Bernstein

•

Philadelphia—(AP)—The elopement of Miss Christina Cromwell, pretty, 18-year-old daughter of James H. R. Cromwell, with Frederick P. White, a Brown University freshman, was disclosed here Thursday.

Reached at his parents' summer home in Cohassett, Mass., White said the wedding took place Tuesday at Elkton, Md. An official of the marriage licence bureau there said White gave his age as 21.

The bride's father is the former United States minister to Canada. Her mother is Mrs. Timothy Godde of Rye, N. Y., the former Delphine Dodge and an heiress to the Dodge automobile fortune.

Conditions on the planet Venus are so nearly like those on earth that the two planets are spoken of as sisters.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer-Journal.*

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•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From an article in Harper's Bazaar*]

We crossed his barnyard and came to a clapboard shack, the sauna. It was tiny, only twelve feet square. A flower box of petunias hung from the ledge of the curtained window. The word "Men" was inscribed over one of the two small doors, "Women" over the other. The separate dressing rooms for men and women save time.

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SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

THE two boys walked along the beach, kicking at the sand with their bare feet. They had been playing on the raft all morning, diving into the calm waters of Long Island Sound and swimming under water until the whites of their eyes were bloodshot. It was almost noon and very hot. Their bathing trunks hung loosely on their slender thighs. When they had swum in from the raft, they bought Good Humors from the man who parked his car every day on the road that ran parallel to the shore. Now they had nothing to do in the half-hour before lunchtime.

Sitting on the sand just out of reach of the water was Timmy Templeton. He was five years old, and his plump, brown little body looked like a well-baked loaf of bread. The two boys flung themselves down on the beach beside him. "What're you doing, Timmy?" Evan asked. "Making sand pies?"

Timmy packed some sand tight in a painted tin mold, as tight as he could cram it in with the palm of his small, plump hand.

"Where's your mother?" Jack asked.

"Mummie's making lunch," Timmy said. "In the house."

He lifted the tin mold carefully and sat looking at the sand cake he had made. He fumbled in his red tin pail for another mold.

Jack shook his head. "No, she isn't," he said. "Your mother isn't making lunch."

Timmy stared at him with round blue eyes, and then past him at some small boats anchored offshore. They bobbed up and down like his own boat in the bathtub when his mother bathed him at night.

"She is too," he said, bending to scoop up sand.

"Oh no, she isn't," Jack said. "Your mother went away and left you all by yourself."

"She didn't."

"She did. I saw her go away on a big train."

Timmy glanced over his shoulder in the direction of the wooden steps that led down to the beach. "She'll be here in a minute," he said. "She told me so."

"Don't believe him, Timmy," Evan said. "He's making it all up."

Jack threw a handful of sand in Evan's face. "Shut up," he said.

"You louse," Evan sputtered, wiping his mouth with the back of his arm.

"That ought to hold you for a while," Jack said. He grinned and rolled over on his belly. He watched Timmy intently, his eyes narrowed like a cat's. "Well, maybe your mother didn't go away," he said. "Bet you don't know what she's making for lunch, though."

"Lamb chop," Timmy said. "Lamb chop and baked potato."

"Yes, but what's she putting in the potato?" Jack asked. "Do you know what?"

"Butter."

"No, sir!" Jack said. "It tastes like butter but it's not. It's poison."

"What's poison?" Timmy asked.

"Well," Jack answered, frowning, "it's stuff that you can't see in your food and so you eat it. But when you eat it, you get an awful pain here." He sat up and clapped his hands against his stomach, pretending pain. "Oh! Oh! It hurts! It hurts! And then you fall down dead."

"My mother wouldn't do that," Timmy said. He looked toward Evan nervously.

"Of course she wouldn't, Timmy," Evan said. "He's just trying to scare you."

"Go ahead and eat it if you want to," Jack said. "I'm just telling you *I* wouldn't. And she'll put poison in your milk, too. White poison that looks just like the milk. When you drink it you'll die."

Inspired by his own persuasiveness, Jack got to his feet and lifted an imaginary glass to his lips. Then he staggered around like a spent top and sank slowly to the sand until at last he lay flat on his back, his eyes closed, his limbs rigid.

Timmy watched him with troubled eyes. "Ice cream too?" he asked softly.

Jack turned over and rested his chin on his hands. "Milk, ice cream, everything," he said. "All poisoned."

Timmy's mouth drooped and his lips quivered. At that moment he caught sight of his mother coming down the steps. "Mummie!" he cried, scrambling to his feet. "Mummie! Mummie!"

His voice rose hysterically as he ran toward her, his short, sturdy little legs ploughing through the sand. He threw himself at her, clinging desperately. "Don't do it! Please don't do it!"

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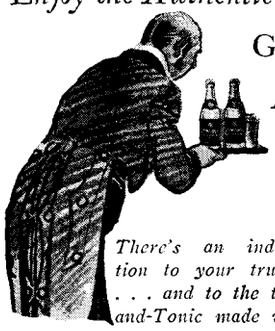

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She kneeled on the beach before him and held him by the shoulders. "Don't what, Timmy?" she asked.

"I don't want to be sick," he said. His whole body trembled and tears streamed down his flushed cheeks.

She picked him up in her arms and held him close. "Baby, baby," she whispered. "Tell Mummie what hurts you." But he only cried harder and burrowed his head into her shoulder. She pushed his damp hair away from his forehead gently, her eyes clouded with perplexity. "Don't cry, darling. Please don't cry any more," she said. "Mummie made some nice ice cream for lunch."

"No!" Timmy screamed, almost hurling himself out of her arms as he kicked and beat his fists against her.

"Mrs. Templeton!" Jack called. She turned and saw Jack running toward her with Timmy's pail and shovel.

"Timmy left these on the beach," he said.

"Were you playing with Timmy?" she asked. She looked at him abstractedly, and at Evan, who lay stretched on the sand, his head buried in his arms.

"Yes, Mrs. Templeton," Jack said. "Evan and me were watching him make sand pies."

"Did he seem all right to you?" she asked.

Jack screwed up his eyes thoughtfully and pushed one hand through his scrubby hair.

"He seemed to be all right," he answered, looking away. "But he began to act a little funny just before you came on the beach." —Edwin Seaver

•

Although the new regulations become effective Saturday, their force will not be felt by most liquor consumers in Washington until Monday.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

When feeling returns.

•

"Oh, dear, dear, I thought I was bad. When I saw myself in that picture I cried and cried. I cried because I was not better."

Viola! Which is French for "get a load of that!"—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Aren't you thinking of Blanche?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
(METEOROLOGICAL DIVISION)

[*From the Norwalk (Conn.) Hour*]

The rain was falling and the sun was coming up in the eastern sky. Rainbows are not common in the west since they are usually seen in the east.

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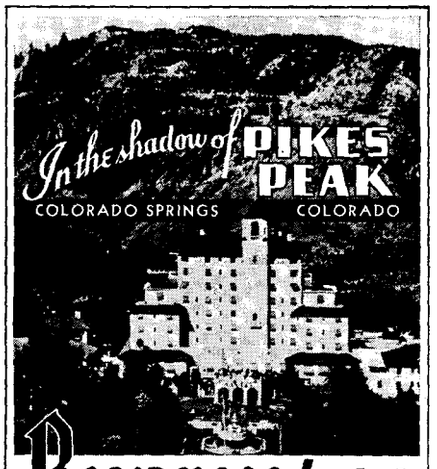

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THE RACE TRACK

His Name on His Nose—Doubles Trouble

IF a few horses as good as Fenelon should come to town, there would be danger of this racing season's turning into something extra-special. Feeling rather pessimistic about the likelihood of such an occurrence, I can't promise anything like that. To anyone willing to settle for a tip, I suggest that Fenelon may win the Butler Handicap at Empire City this weekend as neatly as he won the Brooklyn at Aqueduct last Saturday, when he beat Dit and Your Chance with such ridiculous ease it left the crowd a bit breathless.

Generally speaking, Fenelon was the second-best three-year-old in 1940, right behind Bimelech, and the most unlucky. Coughing and running a high temperature for weeks kept him out of the spring classics. When he did get to the races, he won the Travers, the Lawrence Realization Stakes, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Ever so many people believe that he would also have taken first money in the $50,000 New York Handicap if he hadn't stumbled at the start and strained his back. Last April he came out of winter quarters in marvellous condition, but in no time caught the coughing sickness again, which was unusual, because most animals have it only once. He has completely recovered now, as you might imagine from his recent performance.

Fenelon is a powerful, showy colt, quite able to carry a high weight, and that's something he'll have to do from now on. After Fenelon won the Brooklyn under 119 pounds, Jack Campbell, the Jockey Club's handicapper, assigned him 130 pounds in the Butler. Incidentally, and this has nothing to do with weights and measures, if you look at Fenelon closely, you'll discover that he has a white mark on his nose that looks like a capital "F." Horsemen consider this a lucky sign. I wouldn't know.

THERE has been so much complaining about the racing at Aqueduct that the best thing to do is forget about it. Most of the runners were the sort you'd expect to see at Wheeling Downs (if you ever get to Wheeling Downs); there were only a few starters in any race, and their inconsistency was bewildering. While it's on my mind, though, I might suggest that Tangled, who won the Gazelle Stakes easily enough, is the Whirlaway of the fillies. Also, Requested isn't the best two-year-old, even though he won the Tremont and the Great American Stakes. My guess is that Apache, who will improve with more experience, will beat him the next time they meet.

Delaware Park had much better horses than Aqueduct the afternoon I was down there. Shut Out, who is worth remembering, set a track record, and Swing and Sway won the Diamond State Stakes. As a matter of fact, judging from the form charts, the average of quality was high all through the meeting.

Getting along to Empire City (and mighty glad to, I can tell you), here is a meeting that's always fun. There's a hitch to it, though. The place is going to be awfully crowded, particularly on Saturdays, as all the more important races are scheduled for weekends. By the way, I daresay that in a year or two the Butler family will build a new track, probably up at East View.

AS you may have gathered, the daily double has not been the blazing financial success New York track managements expected. The reason is that the payoff odds are so small. It's hardly worth the trouble to pick a combination that pays $10.20 or $15.60, as two did last week. It would take a payoff of $6,740.20, or some such, every once in a while to whip up business, and that isn't likely to happen, because so many tickets are sold on every combination. An outside man reports breathlessly, however, that in off-the-course betting a new trick daily double is giving baseball pools and the numbers a merry run. This does not upset the gentry who operate the baseball pools or the numbers greatly, because they also operate this daily double. It's simple to play, and there are no limitations—unless you happen to win. For fifty cents you can take a daily double on horses at any track and, if you win, get paid off in proportion to the official payoff, provided it's less than 300 to 1. If it's more, all you get is $150. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Luna's mammoth pool is not open. Bring your bathing suit. There's only a small charge for lockers.—*The Mirror.*

Good old Coney—always the madhouse.

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TEE AND GREEN

Old Champ, New Champ

BACK in mid-May, in this department's opening remarks for the 1941 season, I made an incautious prophecy to the effect that there would be a lot of new district champions this year. Well, up to the present I am batting just .500—one right and one wrong—so far as the local scene is concerned. Mike Cestone is a brand-new Metropolitan Amateur titleholder, but Charles Whitehead captured the New Jersey Amateur last weekend for the fifth time in the past six years. Not only that, he took the thirty-six-hole final 14 up and 12 to go, the most decisive margin I've ever heard of, and scored a 69 in the morning round over Baltusrol's difficult lower course. No more predictions until 1942.

Cestone (I find it painful to say anything further about Whitehead) is a thirty-seven-year-old postman from Upper Montclair whose most notable victories until the Met Amateur were one triumph each in the Metropolitan and New Jersey Public Links Championships. It is his habit to tramp twenty miles a day on his mail route and then step over to the Branch Brook public course for an eighteen-hole workout. On Saturdays, from May through October, he generally manages to get in fifty-four holes; on Sundays, possibly because he's a family man and likes to see something of his wife and two children, he limits himself to thirty-six. Playing eighteen holes means walking about five and a half miles. Cestone, then, walks about 6,000 miles a year—a lot of hiking for either a postman or a golfer.

SYLVA ANNENBERG LEICHNER, who won the Women's Metropolitan Championship earlier in the season, established herself securely as the local lady luminary of the year last week when she sailed through an exceptionally fine field at the Nassau Country Club to win the Long Island Women's Tournament. She put together a 77, one of the best rounds of her life, against Grace Amory in the final. Both she and Miss Amory consulted their caddies before almost every shot in that match; about the only things they hit without conversation and

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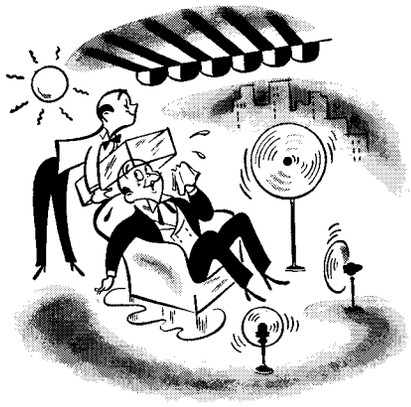

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instruction were their drives. Still, as Mrs. Leichner points out, in England and Scotland women golfers are (or were) in the habit of having their home pros carry their clubs and advise them throughout important matches.

THERE may be other golfers who have played thirty-seven holes to win an eighteen-hole match, but until I hear of one I'll be glad to credit Ellery Mann of the Wheatley Hills Golf Club, out on the Island, with an all-time record. A while ago, Mann entered his club's annual senior tournament and, when the draw had been made, called the clubhouse to inquire who his first-round opponent was. Mr. W. Wright, he was informed. Mann called Wright, a new member, and, after introducing himself, told him that their names had been drawn together and asked when it would be convenient to play their match. Wright hadn't entered the tournament but assumed that it was an event involving the whole membership and said that afternoon would suit him fine. The match turned out to be a close one, which Mann managed to win on the nineteenth. The two then walked over to the score sheet, where Wright started to jot down the results, but after one look he stuck his pencil back in his pocket. "Anyhow, we had a pleasant round together," he said, pointing to the name bracketed with Mann's, which was W. White. It was some consolation to Mann that when he played White next day he won in an even eighteen holes.

COMMUNIQUÉ: Frank Strafaci, the former Metropolitan Amateur Champion, who is now a private in the Quartermaster's Department at Fort Hamilton, won $300 in a quiz contest there recently by calling the exact number of beats in a long drum roll and identifying the songs of Annapolis and the University of Wisconsin.

—P. W. W.

•

THE PETUNIA

Purple!
for months unknown
but for
the barren sky.

A purple trumpet
fragile
as our hopes
from the very
sand
saluting us.

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

From a Sergeant's Diary

EVEN the younger element, skeptical of the heroics of the last war and as a rule altogether bored by any reference to them, will be inclined, I think, to accept "Sergeant York." What the story of the Cumberland mountaineer's military career, with its astonishing climax, has to offer as an invitation or an incitement to enlist, and how much it may be exploited for that purpose, I cannot say, but it is no product of raw propaganda efforts. Indeed, considering its subject matter, the film is amazingly little a war film, not at all merely another of those chronicles of trench warfare which have deluged us for the past two decades. The episode in the Argonne is there, of course, diagrammed and clarified and exciting, but it develops out of a documented, careful account of Alvin York's early days which made him so fit a soldier.

I don't think the life in the backlands of the South has ever been better described on the screen. The family scene and all the wretchedly poor scrambling for a bare living in the rocky, uncordial soil are portrayed in this film with life and spirit and a very trim and telling humor. I enjoyed Mother York (Margaret Wycherly) as she sends her youngest son, with a rifle, to bring back Alvin from a saloon, and there is a quiet meeting as Mother douses her Alvin with cold water and hands him breakfast. Mother is something out of Caldwell, an Erskine Caldwell character given dignity. Alvin, it seems, had this sporting period, and it was no snivelling performance, either, but a shooting, roaring business based firmly on corn liquor. It was an existence that trained the eye and the trigger finger at turkey shoots, that built up the back muscles by rock-lifting and stump-clearing, and the narration of it all here makes the big climax credible and explains how later it was to be said along the line in France that "a guy name of York has taken the Kaiser singlehanded." Gary Cooper may not resemble photographs of the actual Sergeant York, but I should say that he overcomes this handicap, and does look starved, tough, and competent, and adds too the drawl of the region.

Army life is colored by the good humor of an ex-subway guard (George Tobias), and there is a rapid progression to the incident when the Sergeant kills twenty-five Germans, captures a hundred and thirty-two, and destroys thirty machine guns. I thought that the ensuing scenes of triumph—the New York reception and the like—might have been even briefer, but some will doubtless be glad to see various actors impersonating such great figures as Cordell Hull, Pershing, and Oscar of the Waldorf.

The religious influence in Alvin York's story, though helped by the sympathetic performance of Walter Brennan as the local pastor, and the qualms of York's conscience, with its simple Biblical teaching, are the weak elements of the movie. However, these soul struggles don't take long. The perfunctory sentimental theme, with Joan Leslie as the girl, doesn't intrude, and there is sufficient suggestion of the violent fashion of courtship in the district to provide novelty. It would not be my impression that the Cooper character would ever keep a diary like the one to which we owe this film, but surely we find here an enriched picture of the man and the world he came from.

CLARK GABLE's fans, who ought to be outgrowing the silly age by this time, will find him unchanged in "They Met in Bombay." Rosalind Russell's may not recognize her at once, such hats and headgear does she affect. Nevertheless, there they both are, discovered as a couple of jewel thieves, each after a tipsy duchess's prize bauble, which they have no trouble in grabbing. Off they fly on the lam, landing somehow or other in Hong Kong, just in time for war. Mr. Gable tries to pass himself off as a captain (not a sergeant) in the British Army, and in the procedure has to turn hero in spite of himself. This is no big job for Mr. Gable, and all in a jiffy he has won the Victoria Cross. And that gives a wit among the writers of the script a great chance to make his joke about a double cross. *A jeu d'esprit?*

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Ninth grade students are preparing for their promotion. Exercises will be held Friday morning June 13 following the dance on Wednesday evening.—*Palo Alto Times.*

Some binge, eh, tots?

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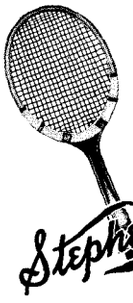

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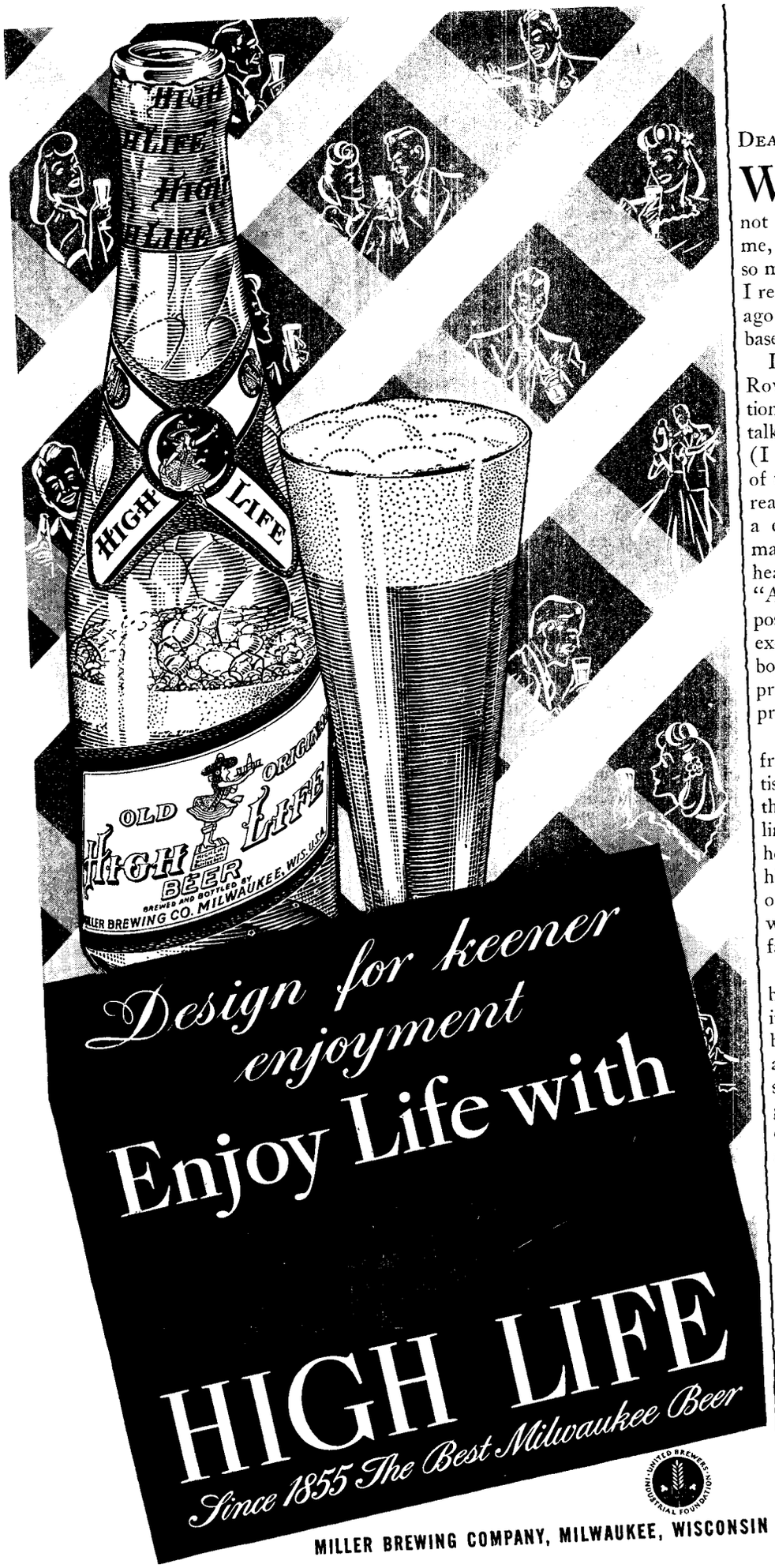

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

CHAPEL HILL, N.C.,
JUNE 30, 1941

DEAR SIRS:

WHEN I read Mr. R. W. Madden's letter about a curved ball not really curving, it at first frightened me, for I had caught and also swung at so many I *thought* were curving. Then I remembered an experiment done long ago which proved beyond doubt that a baseball, properly thrown, *does* curve.

Dick Rover of the incomparable Rover Boys it was who settled the question. One day Dick's schoolmates were talking about Dick's splendid curve ball (I forget which of the many volumes of the Rover Boys series this was, for I read them when I was eight years old, a quarter-century ago), and a crusty mathematics-physics professor, overhearing the talk, pooh-poohed the idea. "All an optical illusion. No such thing possible. Can't throw a ball in any way except a straight line," he barked. The boys carried word of this to Dick, who proposed an experiment, to which the professor agreed.

Our Dick built a number of wooden frames over which he pasted dampened tissue paper. These he had set up about three feet apart in an absolute straight line between the pitcher's mound and home plate. Dick wound up and threw his best Sunday curve through the row of paper-covered frames. The frames were then collected and carefully placed face to face.

The holes in the paper showed the ball had travelled in a straight line until it neared home plate. Then the holes began to veer to one side of the frames as Dick's curve, beyond doubt, broke sharply. The professor grumpily congratulated Dick and told him he was a clever lad, which we had known all along.

Now, ordinarily this would be proof good enough for *me*, for I never knew a Rover Boy to be wrong about anything, but in this day, when all authority totters on the apocalyptic brink, when already so much we were sure was true . . . Suppose Bob Feller were induced to try Dick Rover's experiment, and after he had thrown what he swore was his widest-breaking curve, the frames were collected and the neat, round holes found to be in a ghastly straight line. What then?

Let's not try it.

Sincerely,
NOEL HOUSTON

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is no doubt that the Germans did pretty well in the first week of fighting against the Russians. Thus far the Nazis have proved to be more offensive than the Reds are repulsive.

•

Since the outbreak of the war, Germany's neighbors have tried neutrality, hostility, and amity. That makes three different ways a country can get into trouble with Hitler.

•

While the Nazis are otherwise engaged, the R.A.F. has been doing some pretty effective work along the western shores. It is nice to know that Germany is more sinned against than sinning these lovely summer nights.

•

The announcement that the Italians are sending troops to Russia is intended to terrify us. It is a well-known fact that Mussolini arrives just before the undertaker.

•

The Communist Party here has gone into reverse on the war question. Those following the Red line now have the pleasure of meeting themselves coming back.

•

The Japanese are trying to make up their minds whether to drive south to the Indies or north into Siberia. They may even decide to spend the summer at home listening to the radio.

•

The draft boards take the reasonable view that the wife and kiddies come first. If the family needs groceries, it is no time for Father to go camping.

•

Apparently the business upswing has not been felt much in Texas. It was found last week that twenty-five citizens were looking for a job as Senator.

•

The National Association of Manufacturers urges the open shop as a means toward speeding up defence. It is probably true that a nationwide labor war would take our minds off the other one.

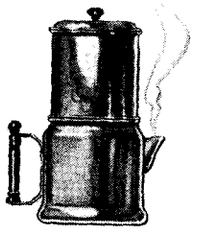
•

The right wing of the American Labor Party tells us that the reëlection of LaGuardia is vital to the democratic way of life. In other words, we are about to have another campaign.

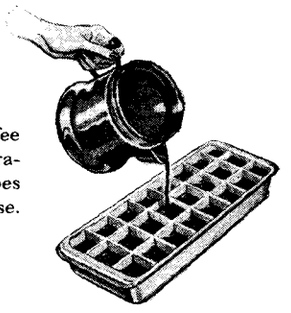
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

RECIPE

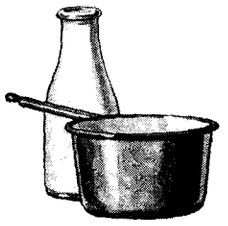
for making coffee in your icebox!



1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.



2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. Now . . . when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk . . . not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.

4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. Many people, who are kept awake by the caffein in hot coffee, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is *more caffein* in *iced* coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger . . . and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make *your* iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake. It's *real* coffee . . . *all* coffee . . . and is delicious iced. Best of all . . . *you drink it and sleep!*

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

**Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.*

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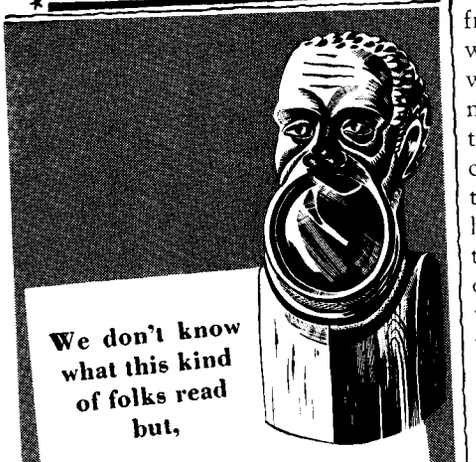

We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND READ THE
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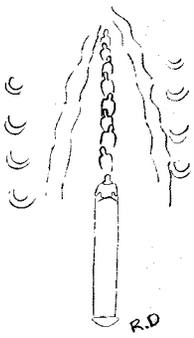
THE OARSMEN

What Did They Tell You?

THERE is no sporting event so well designed to perk up the prostrate prophet as a crew race. Experts who consistently pick the favorite to win in other sports and are then bitten sharply in the ankle by the underdog take to the Poughkeepsie Regatta as to the anti-rabies needle. Early last week they foretold in unison that the Western boats were a cinch, that of the two, Washington would win comfortably from California, and that Cornell would offer whatever challenge the East could muster. Well, Washington, California, and Cornell finished in that order; Washington had two and a half lengths of comfort over California, and Cornell, offering its challenge with modesty and respect, stayed three or four lengths behind the supermen. Even Columbia, looked on as a possible dark horse by loyal New York fans, behaved more or less as predicted until an understandable swoon by its No. 2 oarsman, Eugene Remmer, pulled the boat back to last place from a virtual tie for fourth. Remmer, who is just eighteen and weighs 172, was the youngest and one of the lightest men in the race. He says the only things that caused his collapse were stomach cramps, which hit him at about the three-mile mark, and leg cramps, which had plagued him for a good part of the previous distance. His toes and ears, of course, were still in perfectly good working order, but these are effete times.



Ulbrickson, the Washington coach, rode on the observation train during the varsity race and was heard to remark that his boys were always a bit shaky for the first mile. Presumably he meant to account for the fact that California was leading at the mile and it was only after that that Washington pulled away. Even so, the Eastern crews would certainly have been put out to hear any such comment, because the Washington boat must have looked about as shaky to them as the electric rabbit looks to the average greyhound. And once Washington was out in front, it must have seemed even to the California oarsmen, who had bolstered their confidence with impressive time trials in practice, that they were up against some sort of mechanical gadget that mortal man had no business competing with. As for the seven other boats, they carried on a sort of consolation contest that was not without excitement of its own. Columbia and Princeton fought it out for third place at the start, giving way to Cornell only after the first two miles and then going right ahead with their own personal rivalry, with Syracuse, Rutgers, Wisconsin, and M.I.T. plugging along just behind. At three miles, Syracuse took Columbia's place, and M.I.T. dropped back of the field, although not by much. At the finish there weren't more than five lengths between the first of the seven Eastern boats and the last.

THE junior-varsity race was almost as decisively California's as the varsity was Washington's, but the two-mile sprint for freshmen, which the West Coast bullies kindly left alone, was consequently close. One of the more astute predictions in that race was made by Coach Walz, of Wisconsin, who before the regatta had come out firmly and almost alone in favor of Wisconsin. He turned out to be wrong in the end, but it took everything Cornell had to overhaul his astonishingly heavy crew. Their average weight, 185½, was the highest on the river all day. If they grow any in the course of their college careers, they should be able to scare even Washington to death by the time they're seniors.

THERE was a hint of the prize ring at Poughkeepsie. Lou Nova was on the observation train signing autographs, and the rhetoric of the public-address announcer at Highland station was as fanciful as Harry Balogh's when he introduces fighters. "If everybody will locate yourself on the south side of the tracks," this man said, "it will facilitate and make things much less difficult."

—RIGGER

•

The second and third prizes, of $2,500 and $1,000, went respectively to William R. Holcomb, foreman in the Lockheed Aircraft plant, Burbank, Calif., for his invention of an electro-magnetic riveting gun, and to Oscar B. Leibst, assistant foreman in the Boeing Airplane factory, Seattle, for a structural design eliminating the use of rivets and clips.—*Newsweek.*

That's science for you—lousy with ideas but no direction.

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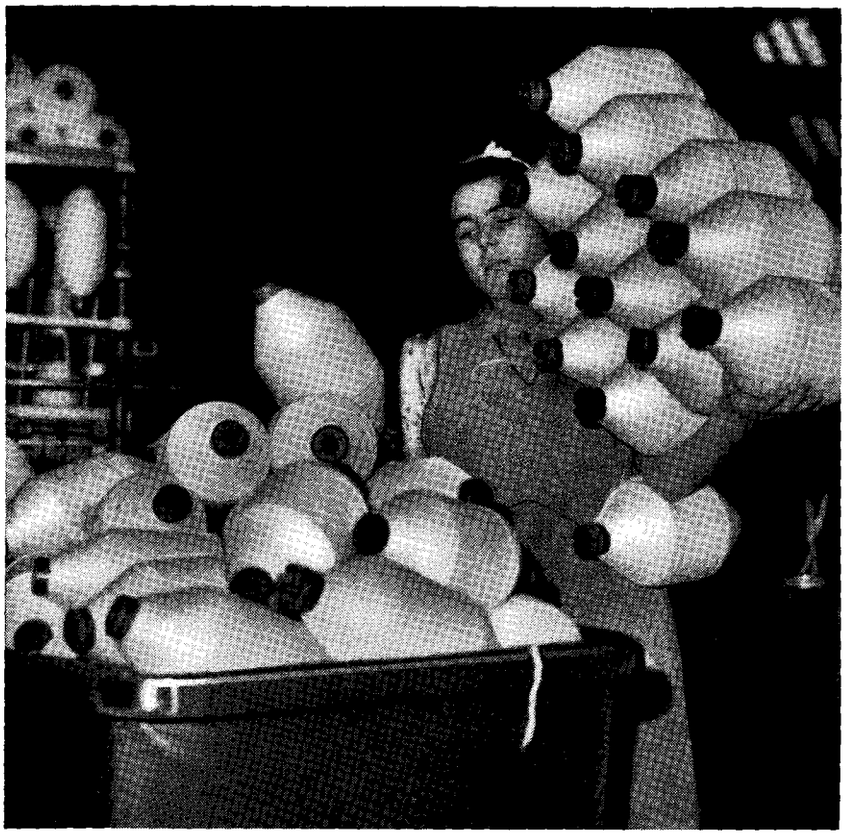
☆ ☆ ☆

"My husband's at sea... my brother's in Egypt... and I am running four looms!"



BLITZ TIME NEARS—and all over besieged Britain, men who have spent hours at their jobs go out to repel the dark invader who brings death through the night sky.

ATLANTIC LIFE-LINE—A convoy at sea, bound for America with the goods British workers must sell to buy what they need from us.

BUY SOMETHING BRITISH

EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND ON BRITISH GOODS STAYS RIGHT HERE TO BE SPENT IN AMERICAN FACTORIES AND FARMS, WHICH ARE SELLING TO BRITAIN WHAT SHE NEEDS SO URGENTLY

THE Yorkshire woman who wrote the message above is one of the unsung heroes of the Battle of Britain. Thousands like her depend for their livings on fine handicraft industries which cannot make war materials. These goods must be sold if they are to buy for their families the household supplies they need to keep going.

The money appropriated under the Lease-Lend Act takes care of war essentials only. It does not extend to other products and materials required by British civilians to maintain their health and their splendid morale.

To buy these in America, Britain needs dollar exchange. Every dollar the public spends on British goods stays here in this country. It goes for American products made by American labor. At the same time, it helps Britain pay her way. Buy something British —woolens, china, leather, toiletries—nearly all specialty products of custom-built quality, which do not compete with American goods. You can do this easily, quickly, painlessly. We think you'll enjoy doing it. And it will mightily help the ordinary Briton. Your purchase will aid British breadwinners to undergo the terrible shocks to which they are constantly subjected. For morale is highest among those who are usefully employed. It is shattered quickest among the idle.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Many merchants are continually displaying British goods. When you buy, you are not only getting full money's worth but you are keeping British and American workers busy—helping to advance the economic co-operation between the two great democracies which we must have to win the war—and the peace. When have your dollars ever bought so much?

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BOOKS

Say, Is This the U.S.A.?

I SUBMIT for your inspection today four documents, each throwing a small light on the face of the nation. One is a first novel about a Texas oil town, one a report on the California school of novelists by your correspondent's favorite literary critic, the third an autobiography by the father of the blues, and the fourth one of those ambitious text-and-picture collaborations that are supposed to give you the "feel" of the whole country.

First stop, Texas. Houghton Mifflin awarded one of their laudable literary fellowships to Texas-born Mary King, and the result is "Quincie Bolliver," a first novel rather above the average. It opens with a magnificent passage from the "Hydriotaphia" of Sir Thomas Browne, the one that ends "That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us." Epigraphs drawn from the Metaphysicals are fashionable this year; witness "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Miss King's book hardly measures up to Thomas Browne's lordly cadences, which is no less true of Mr. Hemingway vis-à-vis John Donne. But as a picture of the oil-town mind, of the odd mood and temper induced by the constant consideration of that "large part of the earth" "still in the urn unto us," "Quincie Bolliver" has its points.

Miss King's rambling and atmospheric story has little in common with such a sharp piece of crusading as Upton Sinclair's "Oil." She is not interested in the oil industry per se or its connection with the rest of American life but rather in the frayed, fumbling characters that such a down-at-the-heels oil town as her Good Union, Texas, is apt to produce and attract. The net effect, roughly, is that of a lesser "Winesburg, Ohio."

If Miss King had given us more talk of such old-time drillers as her reminiscing Nat Patch; if she were more generous with her interesting side excursions into the mysteries of petroleum geology; if there were more scenes like the one in which an oil-well fire is described; in other words, if the author had kept her eye mainly on the oil, she would have written a better, less pretentious novel.

The trouble is that her two focuses—oil and her heroine, Quincie Bolliver—are out of relation to each other. Quincie, daughter of an itinerant mule skinner, is a darling or a nuisance, depending on whether you like children of nature who combine, to my mind quite incongruously, the poetical ethereality of W. H. Hudson's Rima with the earthiness of a Tobacco Roader. In any case, Quincie's story might have unfolded in any small American town. The oil background is just something the author happened to be interested in too, and so she has jammed her two preoccupations together to produce a loose narrative that misses any final effectiveness.

But at times the drifting, aimless quality of a certain level of American life, its combination of dreariness and gleams of beauty (Chekhov dealt with much the same kind of people), is caught in these pages, varying in tone from the flat to the lyrical.

I DON'T know whether your local bookstore is likely to stock Edmund Wilson's "The Boys in the Back Room." It's a special item published by the Colt Press, 615 Commercial Street, San Francisco, from whom you may secure it if you want to know what Mr. Wilson thinks of the California (including Hollywood) literati: John O'Hara, John Steinbeck, James M. Cain, William Saroyan, Hans Otto Storm, the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, the late Nathanael West, and a sampling of minor names.

About all these writers—even, as Mr. Wilson demonstrates, about Steinbeck—there is a certain inadequacy, a sense of limitation. O'Hara and Saroyan are rather proud of the limitation; they would like you to know they haven't read many books. Mr. Wilson believes that the unreality of California itself and in some instances the devitalizing influence of Hollywood have tended to handicap these talented writers. He makes out a pretty good case for the theory.

A few pieces are merely expanded book reviews, but the one on Steinbeck

"The Medicine Hat 'Times-Chronicle' was crazy about it."

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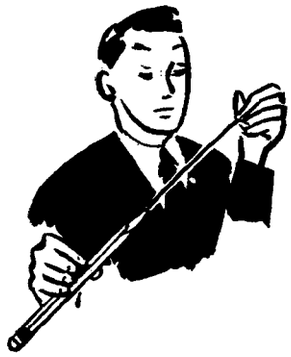


This is a man stretching a point.

Isn't that silly?

This is a man pulling his punch.

Isn't that silly?

This is a man trying to sell New York's prosperous families without The Sun.

Isn't that silly!

The Sun
NEW YORK

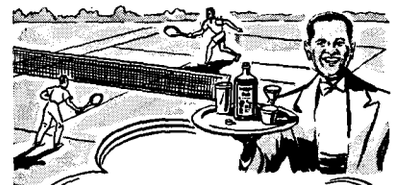
is a masterly, if informal, piece of criticism. Mr. Wilson explains (at least to me) the unity that underlies the apparently dazzling variety of Steinbeck's work. This unity he finds in Steinbeck's conception of himself as a biologist; all his novels are about animals or men who live on an animal level. The whole essay is not only the best thing I know of written about the author of "The Grapes of Wrath" but an illuminating job of general literary criticism.

THE devotees, of course, don't need any word from me or anyone else to induce them to make a beeline for W. C. Handy's "Father of the Blues." As for the others, I think they'll find more in Mr. Handy's autobiography than the lowdown on the origin and development of a particular form of folk music. We all know Mr. Handy as the eminent composer of the "Beale Street," "St. Louis," and "Memphis" blues, and he tells you all about how these classics came to be, and how little he made out of them, and how he gradually came to realize that he was an artist and by no means an unimportant one. But for my money give me the early chapters: the little Negro boy in Florence, Alabama; his first guitar, which his sternly religious father made him exchange for a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; the old days, before the century turned, with Mahara's Minstrels. There's a fine flavor about these chapters that loses some of its mellowness when Mr. Handy gets into the big time and becomes an Influence.

Abbe Niles contributes a foreword, and the book is edited by Arna Bontemps. It is hard to decide whether the style, half vernacular, half genteel, is due to the editor or to Mr. Handy.

ERSKINE CALDWELL and Margaret Bourke-White have collaborated on another of their prose-and-picture books, "Say, Is This the U.S.A." As in their other volumes, the text is often good and the pictures are almost always magnificent. The authors are honestly convinced that they have worked out a pattern for interweaving text and pictures. All I can say is that I like both and that they seem to have virtually nothing to do with each other.

Also, I can't agree that Miss Bourke-White and Mr. Caldwell have even remotely achieved their aim "to give the impression and feel of America." Mr. Caldwell tells some pointed stories picked up from various men-in-the-street; Miss Bourke-White offers wonderful photographs of sailors dancing,



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100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

PLANTERS' PUNCH
ONE OF SOUR (1 part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET (2 parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG (3 parts Myers's Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK (4 parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

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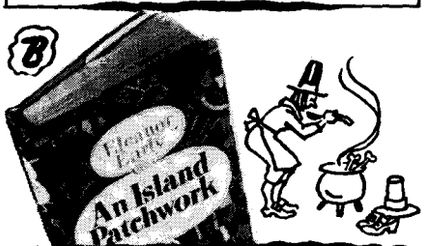
By ISABEL SCOTT RORICK



Do you know any old New England cannibals?

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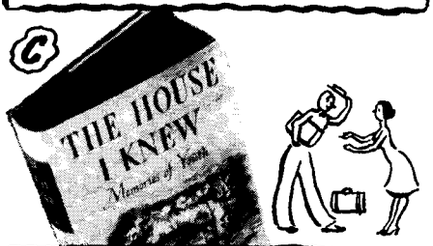
By ELEANOR EARLY



Do you love your hostess dearly?

In this book you will find a past lovingly remembered, the illusion that is the essence of childhood, and the final reconciliation of a child's world with the world of today. $3.00

The House I Knew

By ELISABETH ALLAN NEILSON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Rotary Clubs singing, cattlemen trading, textile workers spinning, and sheepherders gambling. This does not add up to even two people's impressions of America; it adds up to some fine pictures and some good reporting. Which, maybe, is plenty.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOME IS HERE, by Sidney Meller. A warmhearted and neighborly story of an Italian immigrant family in San Francisco in the early nineteen-hundreds. Births, deaths, quarrels, fiestas, and the church provide the background. Drama is furnished by a stone quarry gouging out the hill on which the family lives. The people are more than ordinarily credible and attractive.

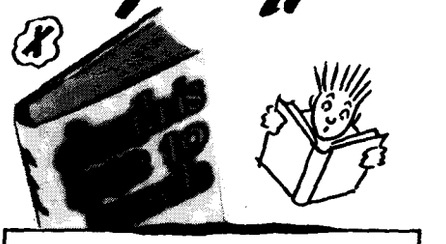
THE HARP AND THE BLADE, by John Myers Myers. Life in France in the middle of the tenth century, and a hazardous, busy life it is. Seems that the civilization of the Romans has pretty well disappeared, and the security enjoyed under Charlemagne likewise. You grab what you can, kill if you must, and don't expect help from anybody. Mr. Myers describes all this rather amusingly, with an itinerant Irish minstrel as narrator, in modern, colloquial language and with the local color very lightly indicated. Not to be taken too seriously, but, within its limits, entertaining.

GENERAL

GREAT RIVER OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE HUDSON, written and photographed by Croswell Bowen. Handsome text-and-picture book that takes us down the Hudson, from its headwaters in Lake Tear of the Clouds to the Narrows, showing us the present-day life of the valley in terms of history, architecture, river- and canal-boating, viniculture, folklore, industry, and so on. A beautiful job, though there isn't as much scenery here as you might expect. Introduction by Carl Carmer. End-leaf map.

THE SOUTH SEAS IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Felix M. Keesing. A University of Hawaii anthropologist surveys the political, economic, cultural, and strategic aspects of the Pacific island groups from Hawaii southward to New Zealand, not including Malaysia. Masterly exposition of a very knotty subject, well organized, readable, scholarly, and objective. Looks like the standard background work on the past and

OR Are you Type Z



Does your hair like to stand on end?

A corpse in the tulip bed annoys the inmates of a sanitarium. $2.00

Death Is Late to Lunch

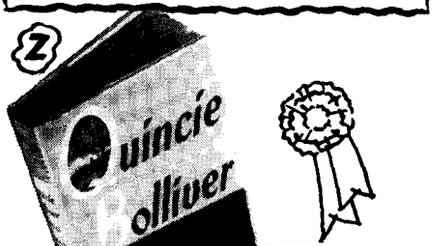
By THEODORA DU BOIS

Do you want to be a literary prophet?

This anthology by a famous editor will give you a foretaste of tomorrow in America. $2.75

The Best Short Stories, 1941

Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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present of the islands. Excellent maps, diagrams, and appendixes. Foreword by J. B. Condliffe.

WAR IN THE DESERT, by Raoul Aglion. Review of Middle Eastern politico-military history from the wars of the Pharaohs to General Wavell's capture of Benghazi. The author, who resigned from the French Legation in Cairo after the Vichy government was set up, devotes most of his attention to developments in Egypt, Libya, Ethiopia, and Syria during the present war. Some fresh material. A readable job by an expert in this field. Photographs and end-leaf maps.

I HAVE LOVED ENGLAND . . . , by Alice Duer Miller. Companion volume to "The White Cliffs," in which the author supplies the captions for some ninety commercial photographs—and very good ones, in general. The selection, though, is Baedekerish, long on historical monuments and the picturesque but rather short on the common people and common scenes.

ENGLAND IS A VILLAGE, by C. Henry Warren. Another book about England, this time an affectionate introduction to the simple men and women of an English village and countryside—the thatcher, the blacksmith, the gamekeeper, old Mrs. Whillum, and so forth—during the snowy first winter of the war. Flavorsome, sociable work, in the style of Henry Williamson. Illustrated by Denys Watkins Pitchford. Not to be confused with John Llewelyn Rhys's book of stories, "England Is My Village."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

N OR M?, by Agatha Christie. Tommy Beresford and his wife, Tuppence, did their bit in the last war and are invited to do a spot of spying for England in 1940. The summer resort of Leahampton, on the British coast, is the scene of the dirty work. Crisp, quick reading in this story, but the reader should be able to put his finger on the guilty parties about halfway through the book.

•

The Pleasant Valley Farm Bureau unit will meet all day June 5 at the home of Mrs. Leon Andrews. Each member is asked to bring a covered dish for a luncheon and also their sewing machine, an old toothbrush, a pan of kerosene, a rag, screwdriver, crochet hook and old papers. They are asked to wear housedresses. Roll call will be "canning hints."—*From a Kansas paper.*

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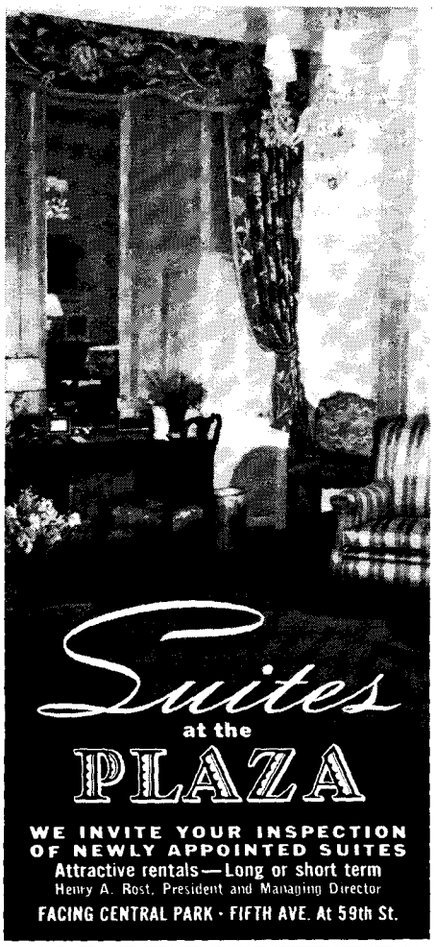
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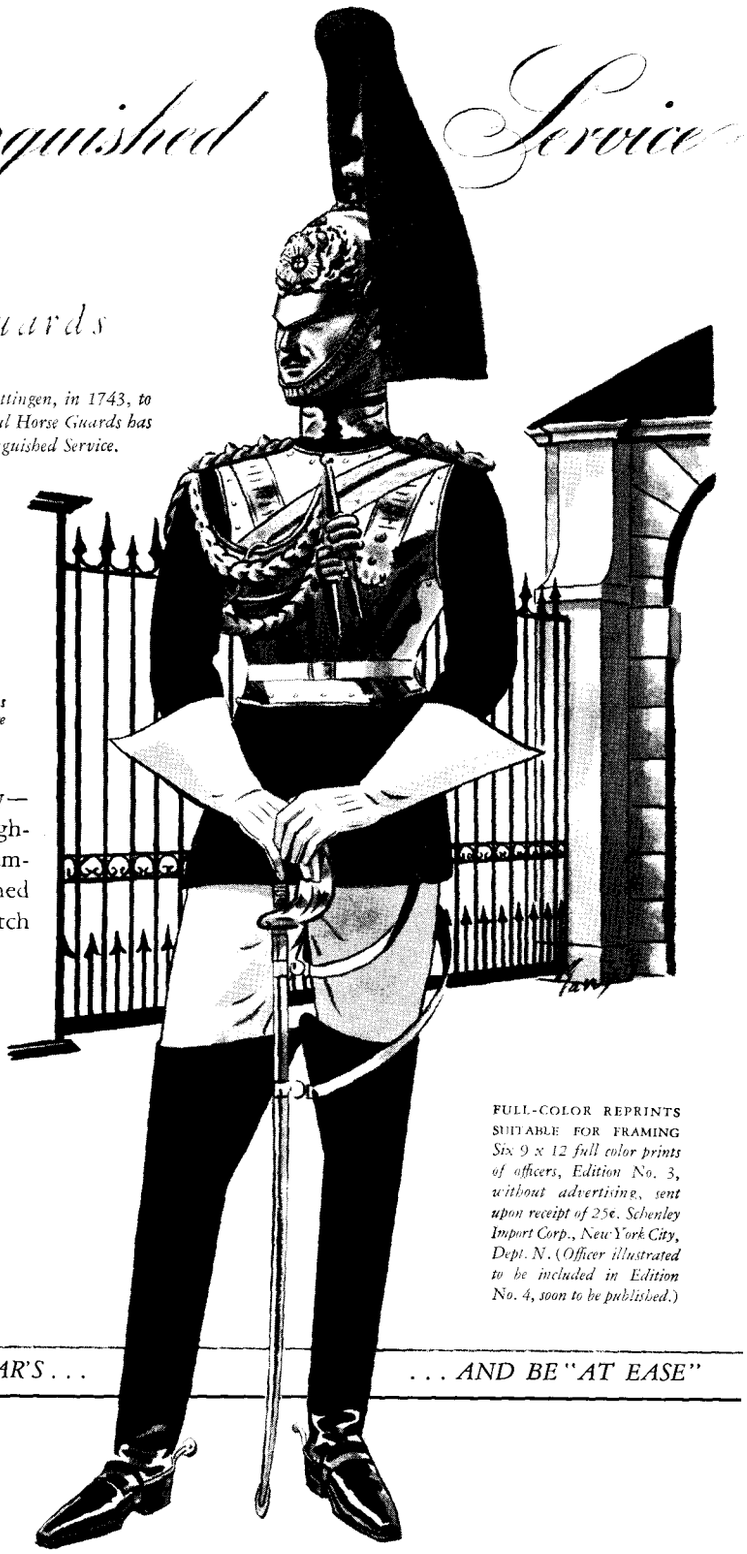

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